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Selections.

PLAN FOR CONQUERING TREASON.

LETTER TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BY A CITIZEN OF KENTUCKY.

To the President of the United States.

DEAR SIR: Allow me to introduce myself to you as a citizen of Kentucky, and though not a native of that State, a representative, in feeling and sentiment, of a large class who are deeply interested in the maintenance of this government. My experience in the South, and my acquaintance with the different classes, and the different relations in society, has suggested to my mind a measure which, if adopted, it seems to me, would add strength to the Union cause.

This plan would have been presented to Congress in the shape of a petition, signed by hundreds of voting citizens of Kentucky, were it not that those citizens, like a majority of voters in the State, are afraid of the secession aristocracy around them.

Permit me, then, in their behalf, and, as I trust, in the interests of our common country, to suggest for your consideration the following

PLAN FOR CONQUERING TREASON,

together with a few arguments in favor of its necessity, practicability, justness, and constitutionality.

The plan is to confiscate, *forever*, all property of active rebels; to proclaim liberty to all slaves of rebels; *and to offer liberal bounties in confiscated lands to all Southern men who will volunteer their services to put down the rebellion and maintain the government.*

The nature and strength of the rebel force argues the necessity of this measure. It consists of almost the entire population of the seceded States, say ten million of human beings, fighting on their own ground, aided by tens of thousands of secret but efficient helpers in the free and border slave States, who furnish them all needed information about the plans and positions of their enemy. All these are led by men who have such a measure of slaveholding depravity and ferocity, and such a murderous determination not to be defeated in their struggle for independence, that they will sacrifice the life of every soldier and exhaust the last source of strength before they will yield.

In view of these facts, is it not absolutely certain that saving the Union will cost an immense sacrifice of blood and treasure, with a fearful risk of not even saving the government at all, unless some plan can be adopted to divide and scatter the forces of our enemy, and detach from his ranks the six million of non-slaveholding whites, and the three million of slaves, the natural allies of the government, and add them to our forces?

A mere offer of freedom to the slaves would be a sufficient reward to secure their services.

But the most important thing to be effected is to secure the hearty sympathy and coöperation of the six million of non-slaveholding whites, who now constitute the main strength of our enemy. Can this be done?

It is well known that the lands in the seceded States, like the slaves, are owned by the few; that the great mass of white citizens own no land, but depend upon the landholders for support—for existence even—and that this dependence, and the ignorance and prejudice secured by it, is what attaches them to the rebel cause. But confiscate the lands of aristocratic traitors, and offer liberal portions of them to these poor men who have been deluded and forced into an inhuman war against their own interests and life, and you have presented a motive to their loyalty stronger than the rebel leaders can offer to their disloyalty.

You have at once demonstrated to them that the government and the North are their true friends, who seek not their destruction, but their protection from oppression; you have destroyed the dreaded power of the landholding aristocracy over them, and have offered home, protection and prosperity to themselves and their children—the just and lawful reward of loyalty. Let the proclamation go forth throughout all the camps of the enemy—a missile of death to real traitors, and a message of hope and life to the comparatively innocent masses—*that all property of active rebels is forfeited and confiscated to the government*, and that every *Southern* man who will volunteer, at the earliest opportunity, to aid in crushing the rebellion, shall receive a liberal reward in the lands of traitors, and be protected in the possession and enjoyment of them, so long as he shall remain loyal to his government; let it be one of the principal occupations of the army to promulgate this law, and to organize, drill, and equip companies and regiments of these volunteers throughout the slave States, and the result cannot be doubtful. It would start into life the latent love of country which has so long been slumbering in the breasts of these oppressed fellow-citizens, and would create in their hearts confidence and respect for the old flag of the nation, when the government should prove itself worthy of that confidence, by thus punishing treason and rewarding loyalty.

Then, our soldiers might enter upon Southern territory, and not find, as now, a secret foe in nearly every man, woman, or child they meet, but would be surrounded by friends wherever they went—friends who would give them information, and every other assistance in their power. Then, when important posts of the enemy were captured, they need not be relinquished, nor would our own forces be required to hold them. An interested home-guard could be organized which would hold all such positions.

Now, even the few who hope for Union success are afraid to support the cause, knowing that if the rebels are conquered, they will not be converted, but enraged, and would wreak their vengeance upon weaker Union foes at home, and all the reward they would receive for their loyalty would be banishment, or untold wrongs from disappointed and maddened traitors. But transfer, by law, the property (which is their power) of these few treason-instigators into the hands of the many, and all this terrorism is destroyed.

Now, even success is no motive to loyal men of the South to fight for the Union.

Then, success would be their fortune, and they would welcome to their aid every assistance, even that of the slaves whose emancipation they now oppose. Interest would conquer prejudice. They would also hail with joy the immigration of loyal men from every section of the country.

Then, even Northern Yankees could go and occupy a share of confiscated lands, taking with them all the institutions of Christianity and civilization, and be received with a hearty good will.

By this means, also, another imperative necessity of the country would be met, one of equal importance with that of conquering the rebellion. It is that of *securing our Union upon the only true and enduring basis, that of mutual intercourse and friendship, and a common interest among all the people.* This can be effected only by a free, unrestrained, and welcomed immigration to the Southern States from the Northern.

To restore the Union with defeated traitors, by compromise or treaty, would be to purchase, with all the calamities of the present war, either submission and slavery to arrogant tories, murderers, and pirates, or an ultimate repetition of their treasonable attempts. To unite, on terms of citizenship, with conquered rebels, would be to unite with an element of discord and danger. For, if these leaders still had control of their possessions, they would stand in the same relations to the common people as before, and would hold the same influence over them, the present confiscation law having no power to disturb their property or social relations, so far as the whites are concerned. On the contrary, if enforced, it would prevent, rather than encourage, the immigration of a transforming element, since no one would ever immigrate there to occupy confiscated land only during the life-time of the rebel forfeiting it, and because but few could buy land for a generation to come. Hence the landholders would keep the common people in servility and ignorance, and might be expected to invite foreign invasion, and coerce the masses as they now do to aid in the final overthrow of the government.

But distribute the possessions of these rebel landmonopolists among the common people as a reward for their loyalty, and that discordant element would be forever destroyed; and in its stead there would be a Union-supporting, peace-loving and prosperous community.

Moreover, this measure would be intrinsically *just.*

It would be just to those reckless murderers who are responsible for the life of every man that has fallen, or that shall fall, in this fratricidal war.

It would be just to the poor whites of the South who have, for generations, been robbed of their highest rights as American citizens—freedom of thought and of speech—and who have, by this means, been dragged into this suicidal war.

It would be just to the poor slaves who have earned the soil, ten times told, with their sweat and blood, to give them their freedom, and a protected home where they could enjoy the full privilege of human development.

It would be just to the government to make a public example of such high-handed criminals, for its own future safety. And as one Southern volunteer, drawn from the ranks of the enemy, would be worth more than two from any other quarter, and as such soldiers would have more to risk than others, it would be just to give them a greater reward.

It would be just to the whole loyal people to subdue the rebels at their own expense.

It would be just to our noble, patriot soldiers not to bring them into battle array against a united and mighty foe, when that foe can be divided and scattered by a righteous war policy.

It would be just to the hordes of innocent soldiers on the opposite side, not to slaughter them for the crimes of their responsible and guilty leaders.

It would be humane and life-saving to render the conflict unequal as such a division in the ranks of our enemy would make it.

Hence this measure would be just in every sense of the term, and to all classes concerned. It would be righteous, humane and merciful, and if not absolutely necessary to preserve our national existence, it is necessary as a means of saving the lives of tens, if not hundreds of thousands of loyal and innocent men, and of directing the sword of justice upon the heads of the guilty.

But *is this measure constitutional?* Would it not be a violation of the clause forbidding a bill of attainder?

It would seem that anything necessary to be done for the protection of the innocent against the lawless, for the general good of the people, for the maintenance of the government and the preservation of the nation, must be constitutional—must be in accordance with the spirit and design of that instrument. For the Constitution was made for the people, the government, and the nation; and not the people, government, and nation for the Constitution. If it were not the design of the Constitution to protect the rights of the people and to preserve the nation, then we should have no use for it, and the sooner it were destroyed the better.

Or, if the Constitution were, in the main, good, and did subserve the national prosperity, but had one clause in it the observance of which, under a certain circumstance, would injure the public weal or endanger the perpetuity of the nation, then would it not be constitutional to violate that clause, in such instance, to maintain the supremacy, and carry out the manifest design, and enforce the general provisions and requirements of that document? And, in such case, would not our national functionaries, who are sworn to support the Constitution, be bound by their oath to disregard such clause?

Of course, if the Constitution were a Divine Revelation, and their loyalty to it implied a faith in its infallibility, they would not be at liberty to sit in judgment upon the practicability of obeying any clause. Their faith would require them to observe each specific direction, under every circumstance, and believe that obedience to each would harmonize with the design of the whole. But knowing it to be of human and fallible origin, could they be guiltless in ignoring evidences which might show that such conformity would defeat the whole design and purpose of the Constitution which they are sworn to support? Would not their oath bind them to carry out *only* the great and beneficent design of the Constitution which harmonizes with the known will of Him in whose name they swear? For example, if conformity to the letter of a certain clause, under a certain unforeseen circumstance, should give protection to the guilty and disloyal, at the sacrifice of the innocent and the loyal, would not their oath bind them to act according to the known design of that instrument, as a whole, and even of that clause which is "TO ESTABLISH JUSTICE"?

Would not conformity to the known intention and general provisions of the Constitution also tend more to secure respect for it and to maintain its authority, than conformity to the letter (not the spirit) of a clause which, under the circumstance, requires the gross injustice of slaughtering innocent and loyal patriotic men, to protect traitors and murderers, who have no just claim to any constitutional right but to that of a yard of hemp?

But does the clause in question forbid the confiscation of rebels' property?

It would seem not, if we accept the interpretation which harmonizes with the design and general spirit of the Constitution, and with the universal practice of all our State Legislatures, and of Congress.

The design of the Constitution is to guarantee to all citizens their just and lawful rights. The design of this specific clause is to prevent a law which shall restrain unoffending persons from their lawful rights because of the crimes of another. In England, certain political as well as property rights were entailed. The treason of a father was punished by a confiscation of these legal rights of an heir. The intention of this clause is to prohibit such a penalty in this country.

For example: Every native male citizen has, as his entailed and lawful rights, eligibility to any civil office in the United States; the franchise privilege; the privilege of acquiring and holding property, a legal claim upon property entailed to him by the will of a forefather. None of these rights can be forfeited by the crimes of his father. But for a man's own act of treason, he may be deprived of any or all these rights. He loses all legal claim to them, and may justly be deprived of the right to hold office or to vote; he may be deprived of his own property, or of the *use* of property entailed to his heirs; he may be deprived of the privilege of acquiring or holding property, ever after his crime, or he may be deprived of life itself. He forfeits all he has and is to the government, which is bound to use the forfeiture for the highest public good. If he holds property entailed to his heirs, he forfeits the use of that property during the time while he was entitled to it. At his death it is his heirs' by legal right. This legal right of his heirs cannot be forfeited by his debts nor by his crimes. But property which is not entailed, but is owned by the traitor himself, his heirs have no legal claim to, during his lifetime. *They* would not be deprived of any legal or just right by the confiscation of property which is not theirs. It is the traitor's property until his crime. Then it is not his, nor his heirs', but is forfeited to the government. While he lives, he can sell or give away his property, or forfeit it by debt, so that when he dies his heirs have no right to it. Then, can he not forfeit it by crime, by the greatest of all crimes, treason against his government? If not, because of the interest his heirs have in it, then, for the same reason he could not forfeit a part of his possessions for a less crime. And all our Legislatures have been making a grand mistake in their criminal codes. For, the collection of every fine, from one cent to ten thousand dollars, would be a violation of the Constitution, if this clause forbids the confiscation of property. Would it be constitutional to confiscate my property for the small offence of carrying a concealed weapon in Kentucky, and not be constitutional to confiscate property for the unparalleled crime of treason against the United States government, especially when that penalty is necessary to *conquer* as well as to punish treason?

Can we suppose it to be the design of "the supreme law of the land" to screen the highest crime from this penalty, and let it fall upon lesser crimes, and even upon trivial offences!

But above all and every other consideration, would not this measure be well pleasing to Almighty God and tend to secure his protecting and sustaining power? Is it not His mind to break the great arm of oppression in this land, and let our nearly ten million of oppressed fellow-beings go free? Would not this measure hasten this beneficent design of Providence? And would it not be better to trust in the righteous God for success, by following the plain path of justice, than to trust in pro-slavery traitors who only take advantage of the confidence reposed in them to stab our nation to the heart?

I have suggested this plan, with these arguments, to you for your consideration, hoping that if it meets your views, you will secure by your own recommendation, authority from Congress, at its earliest sitting, to adopt and execute such a policy. Would not this policy unite the hosts of true Union men everywhere?

That you may have all-sufficient wisdom, grace and strength to discharge the high duties of your office, in this your day of great need and peril, be assured, dear sir, is the earnest prayer of your most humble and obedient servant, and that of hundreds and thousands of devout Christians all over the land.

Yours truly, GEORGE CANDEE.

Green Springs, Ohio, Sept. 8, 1862.

A TRUMPET.

A DISTINGUISHED member of the Cabinet is reported as saying that nations often lose their institutions, their liberties, and yet preserve their national life; and that in our case, we must aim to preserve the national life.

What the national life is, unconnected with national institutions and liberties, it might be difficult to define in any case. But, in a young nation like ours, spread thinly over so vast a territory, made up of such diverse materials, interfused largely with a foreign people reared under institutions unlike our own, and held together rather by the external institutions and forms than by natural affinities and common opinions—a national life, separable from laws, civil institutions and liberties, is utterly inconceivable. To lose our liberties and our institutions is to lose everything. We accept Mexican civilization as soon as we let go of our own civil order.

Only a subtle dreamer can suppose that out of the fermentations and conflicts of such a people, once disembodied of institutions, there could ever come any fair form of resurrection.

Our business is to save the national life, the national laws and the national liberties. And it will be easier to save them all together than any single one of them separate. We shall save all or nothing.

For an hour, despondency may cloud the public mind. But despondency is itself a secret treason, and should be purged out. Let men feel indignation, but not discouragement. We are not worthy of our liberties if we have no more fortitude than to faint upon a reverse. We ought to be shaken out of this empire, and strange hands take its sceptre, if sufferings, delays or disaster quench our zeal. What kind of Christianity have we fed upon that puts only water into our veins? A true Christ gives to men the blood of God.

There was never a people to whom God committed greater interests, and prepared for their trusts by nobler training. This is the land of liberty. Liberty is too great a boon to good men, and too great a danger to bad, to be without perils. We are experiencing our trials. But it is the very merit of a true liberty, to rear such men as shall be able to bear whatever hardships are required for the preservation of liberty.

In this land above all others, liberty is divine. Christianity is the root of it. The Puritans never sought that riotous liberty of the passions, which had, in other lands, cast a short and lurid light upon nations. To them liberty assumed the form of a Divine decree. It was a duty rather than a privilege. It was man's right as a child of God. Their notion of liberty was rigorous, religious, almost ascetic. The last was the accident of the age. In the spirit of a liberty derived from Christianity, they founded the whole civil economy of America. They molded the pattern of its institutions. With this divine legacy they left this land to be, of all on earth, the freest, and yet the safest because free. Little by little, laws and customs have been fashioned, and institutions have grown, until the most complete economy is developed here that the world has known.

Upon us is rolled the duty of defending it. It would have been an easy task to have defended it against foreign aggression. A severer test of our virtue is given us. It is an intestine war that threatens liberty, institutions and national life. If we are able to subdue and eject this great danger, the great American doctrine of self-government will move to the zenith, and become the ruling truth of the world. Should we fail, liberty will go back on the dial, and in our shameful retrograde we shall carry back the peoples of Europe a hundred years. There is not a throne in Europe that will not stand stronger by our defeat; there is not a crown that will not sit looser by our victory. Monarchs know it. Aristocrats know it. And we know it, too, and fight this great conflict with the solemn sense of its full meaning to the nations of the world. Let timid men shake and clamorous crowds run back to wake the sleeping Christ. All despondency of every kind, whether overt or vailed, whether it whines or implores, whether it droops and doggedly waits for coming mischief, or retreats into fantastic interpretations of prophecy, rubbing the sores of present evil with caustic liniments, distilled from Daniel and Ezekiel, is sinful and shameful. We ask no relief for our fears. We know the dangers, and face them, though they were twice as many, and blacker than the heart of storms. We accept them. We are willing to suffer and endure as long as God is willing to lay on. We know what liberty means. We understand what it has done for this continent. We know full well that it has not brought out half its benefits yet. Sweet as is its fragrance, it is the smell of the blossom and not of the fruit that fills the land. Liberty is worth all it has cost. It is worth all that we have to give, and all that we can suffer. What other use can a man make of time, means, heart and life, so noble as in defence of the great principles and institutions of civil and religious liberty? For these are inseparable. The altar and the ballot-box, in America, will stand or fall together. They are joined for weal or woe. All the memories of the past, all the blessings of the present, and the great and glorious promises of the future, unite in laying upon us such motives for firmness, fortitude and invincible perseverance, as were never before put upon man!

We cast away all fears. We renounce all despondencies. We will take no counsel of anything but courage and determination.

It is on this account that we watch the Administration, the army, parties, and papers. The great interests of America and of the world shall not be betrayed by weakness in government, nor by the intended usurpation of Generals, nor by the conspiracy of parties, nor by the malign influences of selfish and corrupt papers.

To those who wish us to denounce the President and his Cabinet, we reply, We shall do no such thing. By these the country must save itself. We shall prove friends to them, by council, criticism, and every possible influence which shall rouse and strengthen them.

To those who dread the ambition of Generals, feeble in the field and foul in counsels for usurpation, we say, We know their plans, and are certain of their defeat. This nation will never be ridden by military dictators.

To those who, seeing the confusions and disasters which spring from central weakness and Administrative feebleness, are beginning to speak of revolution, we say, Your counsels and your purposes perish with you! Cursed be the lip that invokes revolution! Once let loose, that demon will own no master! It first treads down those that unchained it, and then riots at will, until all material of disorder is consumed. If revolution comes, we will meet this devil, too, and in the name of God and liberty fight it, and all its works! We hear the panting fiend! Within the pit he tramps and chafes, longing to set his burning hoof at large! Cursed be the hand that unseals the pit! And let all the people say, Amen!

The greatest danger is the least suspected. It is the danger of parties. One side organizes for victory, and smoothes down all the great issues between the two elements of slavery and liberty, that have rankled in our government for fifty years, and have now joined open battle. If, to avoid an appeal to the people on these issues, the Republican party shall smooth down the doctrine of liberty, round up unmeaning resolutions, which, like marbles, roll all ways with equal facility, then we shall be in peril indeed! Will nothing ever teach this great people the courage to meet the real question of the hour, face to face? In the midst of the tremendous disasters which are now upon us, and which have come from this very policy of *settling no principles*, but seeking momentary relief in political expedients, shall we repeat the folly of that imbecile race of politicians that have crawled upon the head of government for the last fifty years?

This is a matter for the people to consider. Political managers are gliding about. They are whispering and spinning. They are oiling words and polishing phrases.

We warn men! We adjure them to accept no evasive resolutions; to be juggled with no more guises! Give us men, not eunuchs. Speak out the truths of liberty! We are the children of men who were not ashamed of liberty. Let us make thorough work. We have nothing else to do. Let us first crush political hypocrites. Let not our Samson lay his head in any Delilah's lap. It is a dangerous pillow.

If there are any big-bellied spiders that have begun to spin a web between the Bible and the Constitution, hoping to catch liberty thereon, as a gauzy fly, let honest men stand ready with their broom. Catch them while they spin!

This nation is not to be saved by halves, nor by half-way measures. Vigorous doctrines and a vigorous Administration will unite the people and consolidate their strength. Hesitation and fear are divisive. We propose to save the national life by saving all its instruments. We propose to save the hands, the feet, the lungs, the heart and brain, as well as the soul that uses them. Let other people imagine as they may, a national life, like a disembodied spirit wandering over the continent seeking rest and finding none. We propose no such issue to this struggle. This nation must emerge from war shorn of no attribute, and mutilated in none of its members. It must gain much and lose nothing. That spirit of liberty, of which we have been hitherto made so much ashamed by the dread of the revilings of the termigant slavery, must resume the power which it had when it inspired our fathers. Nay. It must kindle again at the altar of Christianity, and give forth a light such as has before never shown. We claim this continent for liberty! We demand the execution of slavery for treason! We arraign this arch-conspirator, arrested with a dagger in its hand, aimed at the life of this government and the liberties of the people; and in the name of mankind and before Almighty God, we demand that its life be forfeited. Let the trumpet sound!—*H. W. Beecher, in The Independent.*

WHILE THE IRON IS HOT.

THERE are critical periods in human affairs at which great blows may be struck at giant evils with telling effect. Such a period has been hinted at, not obscurely, by the President, on several occasions, with reference to negro slavery. It has been indicated by the public sense, and, as it were, hanging in the atmosphere like a thunderbolt in a cloud. The people have become familiarized with the expectation of it, and it would have been a total surprise to very few persons to read, at the head of the telegraphic news on any morning for months past, the announcement that the soil of the United States will never again be pressed by the foot of a slave. Matters have now come to that point at which a proclamation of freedom by martial law would be hailed, we believe, by an almost universal shout of joy in all the loyal States, as the death-knell of the rebellion; and we are sure that the rebound of the joyful intelligence from Europe would crush the last hopes of its leaders in Stygian darkness and despair.

Have we not paid enough for this curse of slavery? Near a hundred thousand of Northern lives have been destroyed by it, and a hundred thousand more linger on the grave's edge. An equal number in the South have fallen sacrifices to the same Juggernaut. A debt equal to one-third the national debt of England has grown from it in the course of eighteen months. Where shall we be six months, a year, two or five years hence, if this waste of life and treasure go on? By no management whatever can we escape an increase of debt far beyond that already accrued. Let us consider, while consideration may yet avail us, that the avalanche gathers more volume as it descends, and sweeps with fiercer destruction. Is it likely that there will come a time when, all circumstances weighed, the public mind will be readier to accept at the hands of any President, whatever measure he may judge necessary to the common weal, emancipation not excepted? Will slavery ever hang more loosely in our esteem than it does at the present moment? Certainly it will never weigh less in our economy. It is no longer a corporate part of the commercial interest of the country. It is more completely severed from the wants, the convenience and the necessities of our markets than the industry of the South American republics. It is thoroughly isolated from the commerce of the world. It has no body of exchange afloat to bribe the favor of the bankers—those powerful dictators of peace and war, who are more sovereign than kings. It lies under the ban of civilization, and is heartily cursed by the masses of mankind.

Is not this, then, one of those critical periods which seldom come, when a great act of executive wisdom may confer unmeasured good on the future? Can the Commander-in-Chief lay his hand upon his honest brain, and say that it will be just or wise to let all the old bonds of material interest be reconstructed, and the roots of slavery again strike deep into our social soil? Can he say that the black knot which cannot be untied must never be cut? Regarding it, as we believe he does, he and his whole Cabinet, as the vital cause and power of the rebellion, can he deliberately write his last will and testament, bequeathing that cause and curse to future ages to breed bloodier wars?

Who are the people to be alone personally and directly affected by an act of emancipation? Are they not the rebels now in arms against the government? Their proportion to the whole mass of the population of the country is no more than as one to ten. They have already, by their atrocious barbarism, destroyed more life than their own entire number. What do we owe them? Let the President cast up the sum, and make out the answer.—*Evening Post.*

A FACTION THREATENING US.

INDICATIONS multiply that a faction is to be organized in the loyal States whose purpose it is to demand that the conduct of the war shall be on terms agreeable to the rebels, and to coerce the Aministration into that policy. This faction is jubilant at the failure of Gen. Pope, and now openly claims it as a merit in officers to refuse service under him in the late unfortunate campaign. Its organs, headed by *The Herald*, denounce everything as radicalism that is not of this peculiar style of opinion, and echo the sentiments of Vallandigham and Hughes with variations to suit events as they now are. If the "radicals" demand any more vigorous prosecution of the war, and should Congress enact any more laws, or demand the enforcement of those we have, all this must be put down, Cromwell fashion, by the strong arms of the Generals who have taken the country into their keeping. This is not the mere ebullition of an hour of triumph on the part of those who hold that active warfare, such as Gen. Pope proposed, is unendurable "radicalism." It is more; it is the deliberate purpose and plan of a faction whose natural alliance is with that other faction which, failing to maintain its hold of the government, raised a giant rebellion to crush the legitimate authority.

The danger from this faction in the loyal States is far greater now than it was one short month since. It grows to proportions that alarm us almost as much as the advance of Lee into Maryland. It threatens with loud and disorganizing voice when opposed, and when allowed full sway it gives us a deceitful quiet, marred by nothing in the shape of active warfare. Washington will be well defended as long as its influence reigns without doubt, but the blood of those slain at Manassas will never be avenged; nor will their burial-place be free to visitors even with flags of truce. The factionists do not want the war carried into Virginia. They do not want the rebels beaten in the field. They have no determined purpose to compel obedience to the laws of the Union. Whenever it is safe to do so, they are ready to say to the associate faction in the rebel States—"We are tired of this war; let us unite our forces and rule the country again."

But as we have heretofore said, the people of this great loyal nation lie at the bottom and rise to the top of this great occasion alike. It will not do to tamper with them through profitless campaigns and political battles. They do not care to waste themselves in contests among themselves, such as these factionists wish to get up. Their opinions are that the rebellion should be put down, and that every means in the power of the government to employ for this purpose, and not inconsistent with honorable warfare, shall be employed with energy and decision. The pretence that great differences exist between really loyal men is not true. Very few of those who are unconditionally devoted to the restoration of the Union possess views about which, whether they agree or not, they care to make the subject of the smallest contention. All are ready to work at the hard facts of war with every energy they possess until armed rebellion is crushed out, and a vast majority are disposed to regard the intrusion of conditions of favor to anything belonging to the rebels into the policy of the war as but a modified form of treason.—*Philadelphia North American.*

BE THOROUGH.

IF ever a truth was written boldly upon the face of a nation's annals by the finger of God, the demonstration that we cannot at once uphold slavery and put down the slaveholders' rebellion is so written in characters of living light all over our recent history. No man who judged from material considerations only could have dreamed on the 1st of May last that the insurrection would have endured to this hour. So steady, so rapid, so resistless, had been the advance of the National standards through victory on victory from Dranesville and Roanoke Island to Memphis and New Orleans, that it did not seem possible that the rebellion had three months' life still left in its miserable carcase. Yet this month has seen its crest more haughty and defiant than ever before, with Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Louisville, trembling in immediate prospect of capture, and Pennsylvania thrilled through her every fibre by the prospect of a desolating invasion. For this sudden, vast, bewildering transition from glory to gloom, from the pinnacle of hope to the abyss of despair, we blame the want of energy or of capacity in this or that quarter. President and Cabinet, Conservatives and Abolitionists, Radicals in Congress and Southern sympathizers in the field, are by turns the shuttlecock of our reciprocal criminations. Whatever of these inculpations may be true or false, is it not plain that what we attempted is not what God has decreed shall come to pass—that a pro-slavery reconstruction of the Union is forbidden by that Divine ordination which the blindest will recognize as "the nature of things"? That the Slaveholding Caste as such has inflexibly resolved not to be reconciled to the Union—that it is determined as a caste to conquer or perish—that either slavery or the Union must die—these are truths which no intelligent person of whatever school who looks upon us from the distance of Europe, so as to take in at one glance the whole proportions of the contest, can any longer doubt.

There is no danger that we shall much longer persist in warring upon the palpable effect, yet cherishing the inciting cause. Very soon, we must revise and readjust our National policy to the inexorable facts of the case. Instead of sending off great and admirable steamships on roving commissions in quest of foreign coasts whereon to colonize loyal Americans who would much prefer to stay at home and help us put down the rebellion, we shall use every vessel to reach, every willing arm to strike at, the heart of this gigantic, fiendish treason. In all this broad land, among our whole thirty million of people, there is not one human being who, apart from his interest in human slavery, desires the permanent disruption and dissolution of the North American republic. For slavery's sake, many are to-day disunionists; for freedom's sake, a few were formerly so; on other grounds, there is not, there never was one. Of the twenty-one million of inhabitants of the loyal States, many are partisans of slavery, and for that reason give aid and comfort to the rebellion; but no single soul of them is a disunionist in the abstract, or wishes the country divided for any other purpose than that slavery may triumph. Were slavery dead to-day secession must give up the ghost to-morrow.

These obvious truths suggest their inevitable moral —BE THOROUGH. Our government has long and severely taxed the patience of its most hearty, unwavering supporters by clinging to a pro-slavery policy after all reason for it had died out. The recent fearful parade of a moderate rebel force across the State of Kentucky, opposed but at a single point, and there by a force including barely one Kentucky regiment, gives us the exact measure of Border State loyalty. So in Maryland, where it is vaunted that not many flocked to the rebel standards, and these in good part left in disgust after gazing in horror on the rags, the unshod, bleeding feet, the scanty, wretched food of the vermin-covered, foul-smelling tatterdemalions who compose the great body of their infantry. That the Marylanders evinced good taste in declining to link their fortunes with those of these hapless conscripts is clear enough; that they therein exhibited loyalty to the Union is not so palpable. They shrink from squalor and misery, not from treason.

But who tells of the uprising of Maryland's loyalty to save her soil from desolation and her fields from ravage? Pennsylvania, only threatened, swarmed from all her mines and furnaces, her fields and workshops; her tens of thousands gathered instinctively at the mere threat of invasion; but where was the yeomanry of Maryland? where is it to-day?

What is imperatively needed to-day is an authentic declaration from the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the Union that human slavery, having become a deadly and dangerous foe to the National life, is forever abolished throughout the length and breadth of our country, and that loyal and true men who suffer by this decree shall be fairly and justly compensated. To stop short of this, trying to preserve slavery in this or that State, to say that only the slaves of rebels shall be freed, is to plunge into an endless maze of uncertainties and contradictions. It is to cut the sinews of the arm that strikes for the existence of the republic. It is not slavery in this locality or in that, not slavery to Jeff. Davis or Garret, but slavery in the blood of our people, slavery in any part of the country, that fearfully imperils the republic to-day. The slavery that would have killed Abraham Lincoln in Baltimore had he passed publicly through that city on his way to assume the Presidency, and which *did* kill the Massachusetts militiamen hastening to his defence against armed treason, is thoroughly one with that which bombarded Fort Sumter and lynched Northern schoolmasters throughout the cotton States on suspicion of loyalty to the Union, and must share the same fate. If the Union is to live, slavery must wholly die; and it were better to endure the disasters and agonies of the present for months longer than seek a fallacious, illusory relief in a partial and qualified decree of emancipation.—*Horace Greeley, in The Independent.*

THE FIRST CONTRABAND.

THE idea of treating an escaped or abandoned slave as contraband of war, and using him against the enemy, did not originate with Gen. Butler. The contraband is a Biblical character, first discovered by David, having the same qualities and put to the same services then as now. When the Amalekites had smitten Ziklag and burned it, and had carried away captive all the women and children, David and his band pursued the enemy into the wilderness, but could get no trace of him. At length they found a man lying in a field, so far gone with hunger that he could neither walk nor speak. He was a man of dark skin and a stranger; but instead of leaving him to perish as a worthless slave, David's men brought him to headquarters, and nursed him gently till he revived. He had eaten no bread nor drank any water three days and three nights.

David saw at once that he was a slave, either fugitive or deserted, and instead of ordering him out of the camp, he asked his story—"To whom belongest thou? and whence art thou?" The story was this: that only the slaves of rebels shall be freed, is as now. "I am a young man of Egypt, a servant to an Amalekite; and my master left me because three days agone I fell sick"—the same neglect and cruelty on the part of the master then as now. When the slave can no longer be serviceable, let him perish, especially let not the retreat of a guerilla band be encumbered by a sick slave. But this slave has information of great value for David. He can explain how and when Ziklag was spoiled. "We made an invasion upon the south of the Cherethites, and upon the coast which belongeth to Judah, and upon the South of Caleb; and we burned Ziklag with fire."

Having got this information, David was eager to know the whereabouts of the guerillas, and to use the Egyptian as his guide. The slave was ready enough to serve him upon two simple conditions of life and liberty. "Swear unto me by God that thou wilt neither kill me nor deliver me into the hands of my master, and I will bring thee down to this company." How true to human nature is this testimony of the slave, in every age, that life and *liberty* are above all price! Now David was well versed in the Levitical code. He knew, better than Rabbi Raphall or Bishop Hopkins, the teachings of the Mosaic law with respect to an escaped slave. He had neither conscientious nor constitutional scruples about emancipating this son of Ham upon the spot. The freedman, true to his word, became the guide of David's army, and led them to the encampment of the Amalekites, whom they slew with great slaughter (1 Samuel, xxx.). Let but our leader speak into the ear of the slave the promise of liberty, let him declare that no bondman escaping to us shall be delivered into the hands of his master, and we shall find our way into the heart of the enemy's country, and shall smite them with an utter smiting.—*Boston Congregationalis.*

JOHN G. FEE MOBBED BY UNIONISTS.

WE are surprised and grieved at a statement in the Cincinnati *Gazette* of Sept. 10, that our excellent friend, Rev. John G. Fee, whose hopeful letters from his native State we have published lately, has again been subjected to mob violence, and this time by men professing to act on behalf of the Union and the constituted authorities of the country. He was in the town of Augusta, Bracken Co., and just about to start for his place, when he was seized by a mob, and soon taken in hand by the Marshal of the town, and then carried to the office of a Brigade Surgeon in Nelson's army, together with the Circuit Judge.

"The door was closed, enclosing the Doctor, Judge, and a few others. No form of trial or investigation given. The Circuit Judge said to Mr. Fee, 'You have now one of two alternatives, either to promise to leave the County, and never to return, or immediately to be hung,' adding if Mr. Fee had any writing to do, to do it immediately. Mr. Fee replied he had no writing to do and no promises to make, and that he was living in what he conceived to be his duty, and should abide the consequences. The Doctor and the Judge retired. After consultation, they returned —the Doctor announcing that they had decided to put Mr. Fee across the river, adding that if he returned he should meet death in a summary manner—by hanging, to which the Doctor pledged himself."

A boat was then brought, Mr. Fee was forced into it, and carried across the Ohio, thrust ashore, and there left among a company of those who had mobbed him on the other side. Such conduct in professedly loyal men is too bad to be borne patiently. It is well known that Mr. Fee is a thoroughly loyal man; that by his sermons, publications, means, and labors, he has helped to sustain the government against this rebellion; and that he was just from the battle-field, where he was present to encourage the soldiers, and had there cared for the wounded and dying. *The Gazette* adds:

"We are glad to know that the better part of the citizens of Augusta and vicinity disapprove such conduct. At a time like this, when the nation is in peril, when it is in a struggle to maintain government against rebellion, the citizens of that and all other places should frown upon all acts that deprive loyal men of their constitutional rights and trample under foot law and order. If any man violates law, let him have the forms of law—a fair trial."

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

From The London Anti-Slavery Advocate.

FOR a long time past we have been sorely puzzled to know what to say of the American civil war. It is difficult to say anything with the most honest intentions towards the free States, without danger of being misapprehended and regarded as their enemy. For the South we have not, and have never had, any sympathy. We can only account for the favor with which they are regarded in England by declaring our opinion that the British people at the commencement of the struggle were densely ignorant of American affairs, and they had been so accustomed to hear slavery apologized for or defended by all classes of Americans or of English visitors to the United States (with few individual exceptions), that they were made a ready prey by such people as Mr. Spence, and the writers in *The Times* and other papers, who, for motives of self-interest or for political objects, had devoted themselves to the cause of the slaveholders. Mr. Spence's book is as unscrupulous as it is able. As to *The Times*, it is wonderful how vast is its influence in the formation of English public opinion. The number of Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen to whom it saves the trouble of thinking is past counting. *The Times* shows so much talent, that people unconsciously regard it as a proof of their own cleverness to praise its trenchant articles and adopt its sentiments. The whole British people are condemned in the United States for the state of mind which has thus been produced by *The Times*, following in the wake of that pro-slavery and negro-hating sentiment of which the seeds have been sown by tens of thousands of travelling Americans. Then, again, Mr. Spence and *The Times* have had their efforts powerfully promoted by the furious hostility which broke forth in the North on the declaration of our government that they would regard the combatants on both sides as belligerents. Whether this declaration was right or prudent, or the best that could have been made, we shall not now consider; but there can be no doubt that the anger it created was generally regarded here as extravagant, unreasonable and far beyond the provocation given. In fact, it took people a long time before they could understand—and a great many cannot yet understand—why there should be any anger at all. However, the outburst of American indignation against England, and the passage of the Morrill Tariff, which was, we believe, incorrectly regarded on this side as an intentional slap in the face to ourselves, combined to damp English sympathy for the North, and to diminish any hostility that might have existed against the South as a slaveholding community. We have not, for many years past, relied much upon the existence of any widely-spread anti-slavery feeling in England. It was much stronger thirty years ago than it is at present. Since the great act of British West Indian emancipation all active anti-slavery agencies in England have been but as a drop in the bucket compared to the far more influential agencies on behalf of the slaveholders, which were maintained by that steadily increasing flood of American visitors who almost invariably apologized for or palliated slavery, while they damned the Abolitionists. We freely admit it was not right that the English

Generals and the most practiced and ablest rulers. They have shown an amount of cohesion and perseverance which nobody expected, and as to money, arms and other munitions of war, whence they have been supplied nobody can tell. We have seen no attempt to explain these phenomena. The English press has been silent respecting them, although thousands of columns in millions of papers have been filled with articles on the sources of the countless treasures that have been wasted in supporting the Northern arms in the present struggle.

It is most saddening that between the British and American people sentiments of distrust and hostility should arise, to bear fruit of misery and sin in future generations. As the horrible civil war, with all its fearful accompaniments would never have taken place but for slavery, so but for this war the present embittered international feeling would never have arisen in America towards England. Slavery is a tree that bears none but bitter fruit to the master and the slave, to the slaveholder's abettor and to the merchant on whom he relies for the sale of the produce of his slave's labor. Thus by means of slavery have the North and the South been placed in a position of actual hostility, whilst between England and the free States such seeds of ill-will and dislike have been sown as may produce a dreadful harvest of death, destruction, and wretchedness in future years.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1862.

THE one topic of discussion in the city to-day is, of course, the President's Proclamation, which is hailed with the most joyful enthusiasm by the real friends of the Administration, and meets with more general approval from others than would have been anticipated. Few venture to declare that they are themselves decidedly opposed to the policy which is inaugurated; but some are on the fence, and some shake their heads and express apprehension respecting the course which the Border States or certain Generals may take.

Nobody dares to say that he will himself desert the government because of this great blow which it has dealt the rebellion, but occasionally a person insinuates that his neighbor may do so. Now and then the remark is heard that the President has been driven into the policy of emancipation by outside clamor, a most preposterous statement. For nearly a year Mr. Lincoln is known to have had the question of slavery, in its connection with the rebellion, under his most thoughtful and deliberate consideration.

Within the last few months, perceiving the great progress which public opinion was making, he has given still closer attention to the question, has invoked counsel from all directions, and has looked to Providence for guidance to the true solution of the great problem which, as he told the deputation from the religious men of Chicago, was in his thoughts night and day. A number of weeks since, he was, as we telegraphed you a month ago, on the point of issuing a proclamation which fixed the 1st of December as the day of emancipation, and was only dissuaded at that time from doing so by the strong opposition of two members of his Cabinet. This statement has been denied, but it is substantially true.

The Proclamation now issued is an improvement in several material respects upon the rejected one. It was written on Sunday, and was laid before the Cabinet at an extraordinary meeting yesterday. Every member, with perhaps a single exception, in the person of Postmaster-General Blair, agreed to it, and will give it his hearty support. All accepted it cheerfully, as indicating the adoption of a policy which they had long been urging. It is to be added that the proclamation is the President's own work, written without consultation, not altered, or if altered at all, very slightly, at or after the Cabinet meeting, and published to the world within forty-eight hours of its composition.

Viewed in one light the Proclamation is welcomed everywhere. Men, whose instincts and opinions are tinted by pro-slavery sympathies, have been heard to say within a week, "Give us any policy rather than none." "Proclaim Freedom, rather than halt between two paths," the same men say now, the direction of the war in the Cabinet and in the field should be confided to men who heartily approve of the President's policy. Those who are for the Administration alone should be put in places where they are required to carry out the will of the Administration, and the President should see to it that no others occupy places of trust.

The friends of the Proclamation regard it as the beginning of the end—as calculated to separate the sheep from the goats in the North; to insure the coöperation of all loyal men in the South in the work of crushing the rebellion; to put foreign intervention out of the question henceforward, and to bring the great struggle speedily to a crisis. Some, speculating on the probable response of Jeff. Davis to this terrible declaration of war, wonder whether he may not declare immediate emancipation himself, and inquire what effect such a declaration would have. Whether the slave would accept freedom at the hands of his master at once rather than wait a hundred days for it at the hand of his real friend, the government, may be a question. But this certainly seems to be the only trump card in Jeff. Davis's hand now, if the Proclamation is enforced in its entirety.

There are good grounds for thinking that the results of the adoption of the policy of which this paper is the announcement, will be soon apparent in the Departments of the South and of the Gulf. Gen. Butler will be allowed without interference to "call upon Africa" for assistance, as he promised he should do in case his white soldiers were not sufficient for the work cut out for him to do; and Gen. Mitchel will be enabled to effect what Gen. Hunter attempted and would have accomplished had the government given him its hearty support.

Correspondents from New Orleans will no longer write as one did in a letter published in yesterday's *Herald*, that it is the army alone which prevents nine-tenths of the negroes on the banks of the Mississippi to a distance of fifty miles above New Orleans from coming within our lines. Nor will those who have had the daring to break through all barriers be shot down in the streets of a city governed by a Union General, into which they had gone in search of freedom. Nor will others after being used in the United States service be abandoned to their rebel masters, as was the case at Vicksburg.

The proclamation is great as it stands, but greater still in the fruits which it will bear. For many of them we shall not be obliged to wait for the expiration of the hundred days' grace. The President received last week a very eloquent letter from that eminent Democrat, Robert Dale Owen, in which he urged him to issue, as he has done, a proclamation of freedom at the expiration of the sixty days of grace allowed by the Confiscation-Emancipation law.

The popular enthusiasm here finds vent to-morrow evening in a serenade of congratulation to the President at the White House. It is expected that ex-Gov. Boutwell and Col. Forney will speak. Gens. Hunter, Hooker, Clay, Dana, and other good officers now in the city, declare themselves heartily in favor of the President's proclamation of freedom.

Gen. Hooker declared with great freedom that the Proclamation was issued too late rather than too early, that the time had fairly arrived when it was impossible to prosecute the war vigorously and with a certainty of success without it. Prominent West Virginians now in the city say that the President's proclamation of freedom will be heartily endorsed by a majority of the loyal people of their State this Fall.

The public sentiment of Western Virginia has undergone a radical change, they say, since Carlile was elected to the Senate. The rebels here are greatly frightened by the appearance of the President's Proclamation. Wolf had been cried so many times idly, that they didn't believe the real wolf would ever come. He is not welcome.

VOICE OF THE PRESS.

From The Tribune.

In sacred and profane poetry, the epitome of all human wisdom, there is no truth more clearly recognized than that in the lives of nations and of men there comes sometimes a precious moment, a mere point of time, on the proper use of which depends salvation for that life, whether temporal or eternal. That moment has come to us. The proclamation of the President, which gives in a certain contingency—almost sure to occur—freedom to four million of men, is one of those stupendous facts in human history which marks not only an era in the progress of the nation, but an epoch in the history of the world. Shall we recognize and use it wisely, or shall we blindly and foolishly refuse to see that we have now our future in our own hands, and enter upon that downward career which leads eventually to ruin and oblivion?

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Let the President know that everywhere throughout all the land he is hailed as wisest and best, and that by this great deed of enfranchisement to an oppressed people—a deed, the doing whereof was never before vouchsafed to any mortal ruler—he recreates a nation.

For such indeed is the fact. By a single blow he has palsied the right arm of rebellion. Slavery is the root of the rebellion; he digs it up by the roots. Property in slaves, the appalling events of the last two years show, is dangerous to the existence of the nation; he destroys such property. The rebels are dependent for their daily subsistence upon their slaves; he makes those slaves freemen. As slaves they are the mere subjects of rebels, to toil for them, to be used by them as beasts of burden; as freemen they are the loyal allies of a free government, asking only in return the protection which such a government gives to the humblest citizen. By a word the President transforms a State sunk in the semi-barbarism of a medieval age to the light and civilization of the nineteenth Christian century. As it is not extravagant to say that God had hid away this continent till the human race had reached its manhood and was fit to enter upon so fair an inheritance, so it is a simple statement of a truth to say that in all the ages there has been no act of one man and of one people so sublime as this emancipation of a race—no act so fraught with good for the sons of men in all time to come.

Is the President in advance of the people? We think not, and the evidence of only four and twenty hours already sustains our conviction. There are men of the baser sort who will carp and cavil, who will prophesy evil, and strive to make their prophecies their own fulfillment. When was it ever otherwise? But this man, sprung from the people, has gauged the wisdom and the virtue of the commonality, and speaks with their voice. The sagacity and the integrity which so distinguish him have no more failed him now than heretofore. All good men praise him; all far-seeing men approve his action; all brave men applaud the courage which, unappalled by accumulating danger, never falters, never yields, but puts forth its strength at the right moment, and plants the right blow in the right place. It is the way to conquer; it must conquer; it cannot fail.

From The N. Y. Times.

THERE has been no more important and far-reaching document ever issued since the foundation of this government than the proclamation of President Lincoln concerning slavery and slaves. . . . The wisdom of the step taken—we refer at present to that clause in the document which declares free the slaves of rebel States after the first of January—is unquestionable; its necessity, indisputable. It has been declared time and again by President Lincoln that as soon as this step became a necessity, he should adopt it. Its adoption now is not a confession that the military means of suppressing the great rebellion have proved a failure; but simply that there is a point at which any other legitimate appliances that can be called in, shall also be availed of. Slavery is an element of strength to the rebels if left untouched; it will assuredly prove an element of weakness—it may be of total destruction—to them and their cause, when we make such use of it and its victims as lies in our power.

From now till the first of January—the day when this proclamation will take effect—is little over three months. What may happen between now and then, in the progress of the war, it is hard to say. We earnestly hope, however, that by that time the rebellion will be put down by the military hand, and that the terrible element of slave insurrection may not be invoked. If, by that day, the rebel army be overthrown, and their Capital captured; and if the slaveholding rebels still prove malignant, irrepressible, and, as in the Southwest, disorganizers and marauders, then let that which Vice-President Stephens called the corner-stone of the Southern Confederacy be knocked from under it, and see whether the whole fabric of rebellion will not necessarily tumble to the ground.

From The Evening Post.

The twenty-second of September in this year will hereafter be a day to be commemorated with peculiar honor, a day illustrious in the annals not only of our own country but of the world, the day to which the present Chief Magistrate of the United States will recur hereafter as the most glorious of his life. On that day, it will be recorded, the chains of bondage were struck from the limbs of three million of human beings. On that day, so many chattels, by one stroke of his pen, were made men; so many slaves, on the shedding of a few drops of ink, started into freemen. No act of emancipation which dignifies the history of our race ever bestowed the blessings of freedom on a scale so magnificent or snapped asunder so many manacles at once.

* * * * *

We may infer the dismay which the appearance of this proclamation will strike into the hearts of the rebel population from the outcry with which semi-secessionist journals of the North have greeted it. There can be no better demonstration of its efficacy; no stronger proof that the Executive has struck the spot where the weakness of the South lies. "We have only anticipations of evil from it," says *The Journal of Commerce*, "and we regard it, as will an immense majority of the people of the North, with profound regret." Evil, no doubt, to the cause which engaged the sympathies of *The Journal of Commerce*, evil to the cause of the slaveholders, the authors of the rebellion, may be fairly anticipated from the measure. All we ask is that the measure shall be effectual, all we desire is that it shall draw after it positive and decided consequences. He who admits that this is so, admits that the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln is no form of empty words, and that the freedom which it proclaims will be actually conferred. If so, the foundation on which the rebel government is reared has been beaten away from under it and the superstructure falls a mass of ruins. A great act of justice and humanity has been performed, and having thus satisfied our own consciences we leave the event in the hands of that Providence, which is sure, from an act of mercy, to derive merciful consequences. As for the immense majority of the people of the nation, the proclamation has been issued in obedience to their voice, and they will sustain it with a zeal at which the secret enemies of the Union among us will turn pale.

From Bennett's Herald.

The gravity of this proclamation will strike every one. It has been forced upon the nation by the Abolitionists of the North and the secessionists of the South. It inaugurates an overwhelming revolution in the system of labor in a vast and important agricultural section of the country, which will, if the rebels persist in their course, suddenly emancipate three or four million of human beings, and throw them, in the fullness of their helplessness and ignorance, upon their own resources and the wisdom of the white race to properly regulate and care for them in their new condition of life. But the importance of this great social revolution will not be confined to the section where the black race now forms the chief laboring element. It will have an influence on the labor of the North and West. It will, to a certain extent, bring the black labor of the South in competition with the white labor on the extensive grain farms of the West, unless the existing stringent laws of some of the Western States, confining the negro to his present geographical position, are adopted in all the other free States.

This proclamation, however, gives the South an opportunity to escape the fate so clearly and emphatically marked out by Mr. Lincoln. It should be her golden opportunity. . . . It is at this time, with victory in our hands, and enormous preparations for crushing out all opposition, that the President issues this important manifesto, and gives the people of the South this chance. It is now the question with them whether or not they are prepared, for the sake of the few miserable leaders of this wicked rebellion, to submit to this overwhelming revolution in their social system. There is the document. There is the time fixed for the return of the rebellious States to the allegiance of the Federal government. No event in the history of the world surpasses the one now presented by the President, and which is to be decided in a little over ninety days.

From The World—Democratic.

President Lincoln is a very Blondin in the art of political balancing. When in his elevated position a portion of the balancing pole is thrown out on the left side, he deftly projects an equal weight of it on the right. Thus he maintains his equilibrium. While he was humoring the radicals in the process of degrading Gen. McClellan, he withheld the proclamation for which they so loudly clamored. When the unrelenting necessities of war compelled him to restore that General to command, he found it necessary to pacify this exacting and meddlesome faction, and he throws a sop to the barking three-mouthed Cerberus, in the shape of a new proclamation.

This new proclamation really amounts to little. The President proclaims, in substance, that on the first of next January he will issue still another proclamation, putting in force the main provisions of the Confiscation act. It is unbecoming the dignity of a great government to make such menaces as to what it will hereafter do in territory of which a powerful armed foe disputes the jurisdiction. If, on the first of next January, the war is substantially ended, there would be some reason in giving the insurgents their election between submission and civil penalties. But they will laugh such offers to scorn so long as they can confront us with great armies. That part of the proclamation which relates to slaves coming within our lines is particularly weak. The law is the same that it was several months ago. If a proclamation on this point is necessary, why was it so long delayed? Its issue at this late day looks like a concession to the radical clamor.

STRANGE PHENOMENON AT CINCINNATI.—When the war broke out the colored citizens of this city met and organized themselves, and offered their services to the Mayor—the same Mayor Hatch, born in Springfield, Mass., under whose benign reign the mob had a free and easy time with Wendell Phillips. The Mayor was very indignant at this offer of the negroes; and was so much hurt when the press reported that there had been such a meeting, that he went to the leading colored men and asked them to put their names to a card declaring the deliberate lie that the negroes had made no such offer, and held no such meeting—which the negroes refused to do. The city generally praised this prompt and constitutional action of the Mayor, which greatly smoothed the feelings of Kentucky. How then are we to understand the strange phenomenon reported as recently having occurred in that city, of three regiments of negroes being marched across the river to the entrenchments of Newport and Covington? If it were that the Irish citizens might have a fairer chance to throw stones and fire pistols at them, we could understand it; but the papers indicate that the Queen City has other things to attend to beside its favorite Celtic pastime. Of course we cannot suppose that the proximity of Kirby Smith alters the Queen City's views of "negro equality," or that danger modifies her ideas of constitutional law! How then can the strange phenomenon be accounted for? The Good Book records that there came a time when a certain king was at the feet of his but lately despised slaves—Moses and Aaron—crying, "Bless me also!"—*Commonwealth.*

BUCHANAN'S OPINION OF MR. STEVENS'S SPEECH.—Thaddeus Stevens was nominated for Congress in the Ninth district of Pennsylvania two weeks since, and made a thoroughly radical speech upon accepting the nomination; an extract from which was copied into THE STANDARD. Mr. Buchanan took occasion to remark:

"It is a pity that Mr. Stevens made that speech, because it will be published in the Southern papers, and the *Southerners will be more excited against us than ever.*"

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

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A PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Emancipation on the First of January, 1863.

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLAMATION.

I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare, that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof in which States that relation is, or may be suspended or disturbed; that it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the slave States so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, the immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits; and that the efforts to colonize persons of African descent with their consent, upon the Continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the governments existing there, will be continued.

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever, free; and the Executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof have not been in rebellion against the United States.

That attention is hereby called to an act of Congress entitled "An act to make an additional article of war," approved March 13, 1862, and which act is in the words and figure following:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war for the government of the army of the United States, and shall be obeyed and observed as such.

ARTICLE—All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor who may have escaped from any person to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a Court-martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service.

SECTION 2. And be it further enacted, that this act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Also to the ninth and tenth sections of an act entitled "An act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which sections are in the words and figures following:

SEC. 9. And be it further enacted, that all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the government of the United States, or who shall, in any way, give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army; and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them and coming under the control of the government of the United States, and all slaves of such persons found on (or being within) any place occupied by rebel forces and afterward occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captures of war and shall be forever free of their servitude and not again held as slaves.

SEC. 10. And be it further enacted, That no slave escaping into any State, Territory or the District of Columbia, from any of the States, shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime or some offence against the laws, unless the person claiming said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due, is his lawful owner, and has not been in arms against the United States in the present rebellion, or in any way given aid and comfort thereto, and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretence, whatever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service.

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States, to observe, obey and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the act and sections above recited.

And the Executive will in due time recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall (upon the restoration of the constitutional relation between the United States and their respective States and people, if the relation shall have been suspended or disturbed) be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, *including the loss of slaves.*

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this Twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

By the President. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

WHILE we regret that, for the safety and honor of an imperilled nation, the President did not see his way clear to proclaim the immediate and unconditional emancipation of every slave on the American soil, we nevertheless rejoice with an unspeakable joy that he has at last openly committed himself to a measure which, if carried out in good faith, as we trust it will be, must ensure the utter and speedy destruction of the slave system, and give us a country free from the damning reproach of making merchandise of the children of God. If the object for which the Abolitionists have so long prayed and struggled shall be thus attained, they will indeed have cause for exultation such as rarely falls to the lot of reformers in this world, and, putting off the harness, the toil-worn veterans in Freedom's Cause may say, in the words of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

We cannot think there is any appreciable ground for fear that the rebels, warned of the impending fate of the diabolical institution for which they have made war, will "lay down the weapons of their rebellion" before the end of "the days of grace" accorded them by the President, and thus drag the North into a renewal of "the covenant with death and the agreement with hell," which has been the source of all our woes. If the President had issued such a proclamation one year ago, there might indeed have been some danger of such a disgraceful termination of the war; but such is now the madness of the South, such the bitterness of her animosity toward the North, and so inveterate her pride of superiority and her determination to hazard everything, even slavery, in the attempt to win her independence, that we do not believe it possible that she can be so humiliated as to creep back through the door which the weak and unwise clemency of the President has left open for her. Whether the war on the part of the North be vigorously prosecuted from this time forward, or suffered to lag as heretofore, we are sure that the South will be as far from compliance with the President's offer on the first of January next as she is at this hour. We have no serious apprehension that even one of the rebellious States will by that time be "in good faith represented in Congress by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters shall have participated." And yet we perceive that the enemies of emancipation, in the intensity of their mortification in view of the President's Proclamation, are trying to console themselves with the hope that slavery may by this means be saved from overthrow. Bennett's *Herald* tries to find comfort in this way, and even affects to believe that the President anticipates the suppression of the rebellion before the first of January, and the restoration of the Union, slavery and all, "substantially as it was." These are its words:

"We accept this proclamation, not as that of an armed crusade against African slavery, but as a peace offering to our loyal border slave States, and as a liberal warning to our revolted States, in order to save their local institutions by their timely restoration to the Union. The sixty days' notice of the Confiscation act having expired, President Lincoln announces the enforcement of the law against the slaves and property of rebels and traitors, and seizes the occasion to declare that on the first day of January next "all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward and forever free." But the proclamation further declares that any State which, on the day named, shall, by a majority of its qualified voters and in good faith be represented in the Congress of the Union, shall not be considered as in a state of rebellion. Upon this saving clause we confidently assume that the President, through an energetic prosecution of the war, anticipates the suppression of this rebellion before the 1st of January, and the restoration of the Union substantially as it was. And why not? We have so far crippled and demoralized the great rebel army of the East that within the next sixty days we may expel it and every vestige of rebel authority not only from Virginia, but from North Carolina; and within sixty days, too, we may not only put an end to rebel resistance in loyal Kentucky and disloyal Tennessee, but in Arkansas, Louisiana and Florida. Thus within ninety days we may have at least six of our rebellious slave States represented in Congress; and thus the other five, from the utter hopelessness of their cause, and the special danger impending over them, may be reduced to a saving capitulation. All this can be accomplished before the expiration of the present year, through an earnest, systematic and harmonious prosecution of the war."

Perhaps we shall now see the partisans of slavery at the North, whose purpose hitherto has been to pave the way to peace and compromise by hurting the rebels as little as possible, taking up the cry, "Onward to Richmond," in the hope that victory and conquest on the part of the North may result in the salvation of slavery and the return of the Slave Oligarchy to power over the whole country. Well, let them drive on the war as fast and as hard as they please; we believe they will only aid in more effectually preparing the way for the complete success of the President's plan of

We look forward, then, with bright anticipations to the First of January, 1863, as the day of Jubilee for our country, when, if the chains do not actually fall from the limbs of the slaves, the government will be irretrievably committed to a course of action that will speedily bring about that glorious result.

"Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day."

THE AUSPICIOUS MOMENT.

THE hardest week's fighting of the war is over, and the situation remains much as it was when it begun. Thousands of lives have come to a bloody end, or survive only for a maimed remnant of existence, and no great change in our affairs appears as yet answerable to the price. Gen. McClellan has not been defeated, but the enemy have succeeded in securing their passage, with their trains of artillery and of baggage-waggons, from the Maryland to the Virginia side of the Potomac; while the disgraceful loss of Harper's Ferry, with its twelve thousand paroled prisoners, fully offsets any successes in the field that bulletins or Own Correspondents can extort from the cruel facts. We must rejoice that our army was not captured or cut to pieces, but we cannot congratulate ourselves on the escape of the enemy in fully as good condition as we are ourselves. For we do not accept as facts the guesses of any parties that the losses of the enemy double our own. The enemy had abandoned the idea of invading Pennsylvania and the hope of raising Maryland against "her oppressors," and his object, of course, was to get back to his own side of the dividing stream. Gen. McClellan's object, equally, of course, was to hinder his accomplishing this design and to annihilate his force or to compel him to surrender. The enemy has done what he proposed, though at a heavy loss, and we have failed to do what we attempted, at an equally fearful cost. The game seems to stand substantially as it did before the first gun of the Maryland conflict was fired. And then the surrender of Harper's Ferry, with its garrison—whether it were occasioned by the treachery of Miles or the negligence of whomsoever it was on whom the duty of relieving it rested—is a fearful makeweight in the scale of the enemy. We may be sure that he, and his English supporters, will claim the advantages of those bloody days as his own, and that with more show of truth than has belonged to many of his braggings. We must be contented with Gen. McClellan's assurance that "Pennsylvania and Maryland are safe," but we must say of his victory, as Sheridan did of the Peace of Amiens; it is "one that every one must be glad of and that no one can be proud of."

This series of battles has been, perhaps, the best test we have yet had of the quality of the troops engaged in them. That both fought as well as men ever fought, we think cannot be gainsaid. Each must have felt

"The stern joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

We had the advantage of fighting, in a sense, on our own ground, and the enemy the corresponding disadvantage of meeting us on unfamiliar soil. Neither army succeeded in demoralizing and disorganizing the other. The losses were about equal, probably—heavy enough on both sides, at any rate. We have prevented the enemy from occupying our territory; he has succeeded in securing his retreat to his own. He now, if not cut off at Thoroughfare Gap, will have all the odds in his favor which he has had heretofore, arising from his familiarity with the country, and from his having his lines of retreat secured behind him. We presume that even his insolence will no longer affirm that one Southerner is a match for three Northerners; nor can the Northerners deny the pluck and persistency with which the Southerners have withstood the battery and the bayonet. The courage, discipline, endurance and all soldierly qualities of both parties have been put to the test, and neither can be fairly said to be found wanting. In generalship we fear that we cannot deny the superiority of the enemy. We think that Gen. McClellan has bettered the expectations even of his admirers by the skill with which he has conducted that succession of battles; but we apprehend that even his warmest admirers will hardly claim for him the masterly military genius—whether of Davis, of Johnson, of Jackson or of Lee—which has baffled all his strategy and inspired the ragged and shoeless armies of the rebels with the energies of victory. Even this dash into Maryland, and the distant glimpse of the rich farms and wealthy towns of Pennsylvania, though foiled, has nothing in it to dispirit them. They have lost nothing by it that is not compensated for by a corresponding loss on our side, and they stand relatively to us just as well as they did a month ago. Now the method of operations has to be reversed. We have to attack them in their own country, and to encounter all the disadvantages incident to an invading army. In the light of our past attempts in that direction, and in view of what we know of the nature and the handling of the rebel troops, what likelihood is there of our invasion being more successful this autumn than our two or three previous attempts? The troops and the Generals being substantially the same that they were then, on the one side and the other, what reason have we to believe that we shall be any nearer the end of the rebellion a twelvemonth hence than we are now?

We conceive the brief Maryland campaign just ended furnishes an irrefragable reply to this question. Such men as we have had to encounter there, in front of Richmond and in the series of Pope's battles, led as they are, are invincible by any force we can bring against them, led by the men and on the principles of the last fifteen months' war. If such an audacious attempt as the invasion of Pennsylvania was merely frustrated, not punished with the destruction of all engaged in it, by the favorite General of our army with all its force at his command, what possibility is there of our reducing them on their own soil and with their whole population at their back? The idea is preposterous, and every drop of blood shed in the attempt will be worse than wasted and will cry to God from the ground against those that cause it to be shed. We think that this truth must force itself upon the minds of all intelligent observers, and that the weight of Northern opinion will be that peace had better be made at once, on the best terms we can get, rather than encounter the certain losses and disgraces of a year like the last, if we refuse to be taught by its lessons. There is but one measure that can secure victory to our army and an honorable conclusion to this civil war. We need hardly say what we know it to be. The two white armies being thus equally matched, the conflict will turn in favor of the one which shall secure the assistance of the black army standing in reserve in the rear of our enemies. Thus far the help of that army has been given to them. If they can retain its services, they are invincible. If we can secure those services, our victory will be sure. Even if those sable allies do not rise in force in our favor, should we invite them to help us, the dread of such an insurrection would disorganize the rebel army—the best part of which would disperse to see after the fire threatening them in the rear. The excitement and uneasiness which the hope of freedom would stir up in the breasts of the slaves everywhere would unsettle the whole system of labor at the South. We should have as many able-bodied volunteers flocking to our standard as we could find arms or spades for. We should have friends in every rebel household and in every regiment and company of the enemy's army. Our success would be assured unless it were defeated by the enemy resorting to the same measure and securing his safety, his independence and the support of Europe, by an act of emancipation on his part.

The present moment seems to us the most favorable that is at all likely to occur for the adoption of a policy of emancipation. Such an one would have been futile as long as the enemy was on our own ground and threatening us with invasion and our Capital with destruction. But now we must at once advance into the enemy's country, if we intend doing anything at all. The result of the Maryland campaign is just what is most favorable for such a step. Had we been entirely successful, had we destroyed or taken their army, and won a victory which could be neither gainsaid nor denied, the friends of the slaveholding oligarchy, whose hearts' desire it is to see it established forever over us, would have said that such an attempt would be a base advantage to take of our "misguided brethren." Now was a time, they would say, to win them back to their allegiance, and to establish the Constitution and the Union on the ancient foundations forever. Had it resulted in our utter and undeniable rout, then, of course, we should have had too much to do to take care of ourselves for an immediate appeal to the slaves. Now, it seems to us, we stand in precisely the position that a wise forethought would have planned, had it been within human capacity to foresee and contrive it. We have succeeded in making the enemy retire to their own country. That country we must at once invade and possess. If we are not in possession of Richmond before the first of next January, the recognition of the Confederacy by the great Powers is absolutely certain. And can we say that it would not have been earned? Should the President avail himself of the expiration of the Sixty Days of grace given to the rebels, now nearly past, and proclaim the absolute and immediate abolition of slavery as a measure of political and military necessity, we should advance into an enemy's country in which we should have even more friends than he has in ours. It would be a triumphant march, we believe, conquering and to conquer, to result in a peace which should secure to the whites of the South, as well as the blacks, a degree of peace, safety, freedom, virtue and prosperity, such as they have never dreamed of. A peace which should establish Civil Liberty forever over the whole continent, and, after the wounds of the war were healed by time, make the United States the leading Power of Christendom. This is our only chance for such a conclusion of this matter. If the blacks cannot or will not save the nation, its destruction is certain and will be sudden. May it not perish without at least an attempt for its salvation.

The foregoing article, as the reader will at one perceive, was penned before the President's Proclamation was made public. We let it stand, however, as it was written, only adding an expression of our strong hope that the act of the Executive, though falling short of the supreme demand of the hour, may yet, through the good Providence of God in our affairs, prove adequate to the salvation of the country.

THE CAUSE AND THE CURE.

MORE than a year ago, those American citizens who had the honor of their country intelligently and deeply at heart were filled with a great hope. Loss, privation, bitter anxiety threatened them; the sacrifice of their own lives, or of lives more dear than their own, was among the possible demands of the future; but there was an elation of spirit, a healthy tension of the nerves, which could joyfully meet the shock of discipline. That April uprising of our people, how grand it was! Earnest men, who had long recognized the subtle connection between cowardice and cruelty, prophesied a noble alliance between courage and mercy, between manliness and justice.

But let us avoid all generalities, and state again just what we had a right to expect from a government appointed to carry out the common sense of loyal people. And first, how may an agent of the people be said to carry out their common sense? We answer, by exercising an intelligent self-reliance in a craft for which he advertises his special fitness; by assuming that personal responsibility which the different individuals, constituting the public, assume in their several pursuits. Take an instance. The citizens of a town pay an architect to build an almshouse. Does this agent carry out the common sense of the people by declaring that he will not lay the foundation till every stone has been examined and approved by all the old women in the parish? Does he carry out the common sense of the people by calling for a unanimity of their crude opinions upon stable equilibrium, compressibility of wood, and centres of gravity? This is the very way to create a paralyzing diversity of uninformed voices; this is the way to deliver the people up to the cupidity of contractors, one of whom may be interested in iron, another in wood, another in stone, and each in disseminating such views as will bring him in the largest returns. But if the architect, being a competent man, builds a good almshouse, as the bootmaker makes a good boot, or the minister writes a good sermon, he carries with him the unanimous approval of the town as a matter of course. We go so far as to say that an agent may strictly carry out the common sense of the people when not a man could be found who would advise the course he pursued. The town cart is sent to the blacksmith to fix a tire upon the wheel. The blacksmith, instead of doing it, goes round among the neighbors to find out how it had better be done. Deacon Potter says: "Wal, guess you'd better make that tire just a *leetle* mite larger 'n the wheel so it 'll slip right on tight, then you can kind o' nail it in place!" The doctor, the lawyer, the apothecary may honestly coincide in this opinion. Every voter in town, being compelled to look up from his business and utter himself on the point, sincerely declares this is the way in which he would go to work. But let our blacksmith understand the trade he professes, and which he is paid for exercising, and, instead of gossipping with the neighbors, he will make the tire *too small* for the wheel, and then take advantage of the expansive power of heat to gripe it firmly to the wood. In doing this, he carries out the common sense of the people to their perfect satisfaction, though perhaps not one of them would have recommended the plan. These examples, testifying to a truth self-evident, seem puerile in rehearsal; but the miserable sophistry they refute has been blatant in the land.

What action in relation to slavery had we then a right to expect from a government bound to carry out the common sense of the people? Certainly it was not to violate any official oath, not to patronize any general scheme of philanthropy as such, neither was it to hasten to send negroes to fight battles which the sin of white men had rendered necessary. It was no more than this: that the President should refuse to recognize the right of a traitor to hold a loyal man in slavery to aid and abet him in his treason. Could any fanaticism of legality object to it? Yet what was called an emancipation policy amounted to this, and no more. We will not speak hardly of Mr. Lincoln. In resisting slavery he has been as good as the average citizen at the time of his election. He reacted on the society which placed him where he is, but was not strong enough to lead a renovated society whither it blindly struggled. For anyone who looks below the merest surface of things knows the folly of the pretence that the Administration would have caused a social revolution at the North by ceasing to protect the slave property of malignant rebels. In every step affecting disadvantageously the rebellion of slavery the people have been ready to follow, when their government has been ready to lead. Once only in the history of the past year timid men might have been excused for thinking (as they did think and declare) that a decided act of the government would cause social revolution. This was during the affair of the Trent. Consult the unanimous bluster of the press, the intense feeling of our foreign population, the sensitive patriotism of Americans by birth, the clamorous objurgation of Judges, Governors and Mayors—in view of all this, there might have been some excuse for prophesying social revolution in case Mason and Slidell were returned. Yet we all remember the acquiescence which followed that necessary act. And the men, who have no word of condemnation for the imbecile policy which has sent our sons and brothers to die in vain, would have said, in case other tens of thousands had been sacrificed in a war with England, "Ah, it is all very shocking; but the government was obliged to keep the rebel commissioners, for a social revolution would have followed had they been given up!"

We have been thus explicit for the purpose of protesting against the course of certain political writers who have come to the conclusion that it is *now* about time to apply a little energetic morality to the treatment of our national affairs. They begin by flattering and defending the Administration and people for all that has hitherto been done, or left undone. Of this class a writer in the last *Christian Examiner* is an able representative. Now, we submit that this laudation of leaders, this puffery of the people, deserves to be buried in the grave where lie our old Fourth-of-Julys without hope of resurrection. Those in authority over us have deeply sinned; we, the people, have sinned also. The precise measure of guilt belonging to each, He who sees the heart can alone know. Sin is not a pleasant word. It may be hardly admissible in the expurgated theology of *The Examiner*. But it is the only word that can adequately explain our bitter humiliation. The old constitutional excuses for upholding slavery were swept away. But the depravity slavery had wrought continued with us, and the tender persuasions of *Policy* were as the counsels of respectable topers in the ears of a drunkard. National, as well as individual regeneration, must be preceded by an adequate sense of responsibility for the previous disorder. And it is the tendency of national pride, as of individual pride, to seek any remedy rather than confession of sin and its instant desertion. Yet this must be our salvation, if it is possible we can be saved.

The selfish politician's idea of the public character has ever been that the public had no character. He could never understand that men should love Freedom for anything but her material gifts, and when for a time these are disturbed, he comes to minister with his poor drug-chest of anodynes where a healthy stimulant is only required. But if an energetic believer—

selves behind their prejudices or selfishness, and thus leave him to suffer.

But it is not the negro race that is the cause of the war; it is the unwillingness on the part of the American people to do the race simple justice. It is not social equality, to be made the equal of the white man, to have kind masters to provide for him, or to find for him congenial homes in Africa or Central America, that he needs, but he desires not to be robbed of his labor—to be deprived of his God-given rights.

The effect of this scheme of colonization, we fear, will be to arouse prejudice and to increase enmity against us, without bringing with it the remedy proposed or designed.

Repentance is more needed on the part of our oppressors than anything else. Could a policy that would lead to this wholesome course be adopted, some bright hope might be seen for the triumph of freedom and justice.

If the African race are not of a color most pleasing to their fairer skinned brothers, let the fault be charged upon the Creator, as the same hand that made the white man made the black man also. God has revealed no distinction in His word touching the color of a man's skin.

But we are to leave this country on the score of selfishness, to make room for our selfish white neighbor to sail smoothly, it was intimated.

True, enactments of terrible severity may be passed calculated to ostracise us; it will be strange if the President's suggestions do not directly invite persecutions of an aggravating character. But in our sober reflections, let us remember that Great Britain has got possessions adapted to our people, both of Southern and Northern birth, in the Canadas and the West Indies, that are free for all colors—governed by laws that recognize no difference of a complexional character—admit all as equal citizens who will support the government—the humblest fugitive slave as well as those of noblest blood alike find protection on British soil.

The panting bondmen have always found a sure refuge in Canada, and yearly our labor has been sought by Englishmen for the West Indies. The doors, therefore, are wide open in these civilized lands, thank God. Under the laws of Great Britain, colored men are neither debarred from citizenship, nor soldier's rights and duties when their services are required.

That it is hard for those who have all their lives been submitting to the wrongs heaped upon the black man, or identified with parties oppressing him, now in this fearful crisis to make the marvellous change that justice demands, none can question.

A very appropriate paragraph occurs in a letter from a friend, which came to hand months back, which we will here quote:

"Has slavery so paralyzed the arm of the nation that there is no strength to grapple with it? Is there not a story told of a man who fell asleep in an arbor, to whose entrance came a snake so surcharged with venom that the man died, poisoned by its breath? Does not the state of our country suggest a parallel case, poisoned to its heart's deep core by its guilty contact with slavery?"

In these remarks, though coming from one of the race considered so inferior, lies in a nut-shell the grand secret of all the nation's trouble. And it seems reasonable to infer that the nation shall not again have peace and prosperity until prejudice, selfishness, and slavery are sorely punished in the nation.

ISAIAH C. WEARS, President.

S. MORGAN SMITH, Rec. Sec.

WM. STILL, Cor. Sec. of the S. C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, September 20, 1862.

IT is a singular fact that in the midst of the anxieties of the great battle-week Washington has been one of the quietest places in the country. Probably no town of its size has been less excited by the news of battle, of retreat, and alleged victory. It is but forty or fifty miles from here to the battle-field, and yet we have received very little direct news from Gen. McClellan, or if the War Department has received such news, it has kept it to itself. The public has received its news from Baltimore, Harrisburg and Philadelphia. And *such* news! It has been emphatically a week of lies in the reports from the battle-field. First we had the capture of Howell Cobb, then of Gen. Hill, and the death of Longstreet. We have at different times taken at least 12,000 rebel prisoners in the fighting that has been going on through the week, and here on Saturday night, when I sum up the results of the fighting, what do I find? Why, that the rebels have taken nearly 12,000 prisoners *from us*, that we have taken two or three thousand prisoners *from them*, and that there is no proof that we have killed one of their Generals, or that we have one of them in our hands as a prisoner. Such monstrous prevarication, it seems to me, never was heard of before. The way in which some of these big stories have started, it is easy to understand. One of them, for instance, grew up in the following manner: The National forces at Harper's Ferry amounted to about 11,500 men. They were taken by the rebels, paroled, and sent into Baltimore. As they came in, some Union people exclaimed, "See these rebel prisoners! What numbers of them! There are twelve thousand in all!" So a telegram was sent off North to the following purport: "Twelve thousand rebel prisoners have arrived in Baltimore!" The next morning the inexcusable blunder is discovered, but as the story has gone off in the English steamer, it is considered wise not to contradict it, and so it passes by. Even to-night we are without reliable news of the extent of our victory. No one knows what number of prisoners we have taken, or the comparative losses of the enemy in the late battles.

Gen. McClellan has recovered very much by his recent conduct in general circles here. He was almost friendless three weeks ago, but is now undoubtedly the most popular of the loyal Generals. People here regard him as immensely superior to Halleck. The fact is that Gen. Halleck is a failure. His entire strategy is a failure, in the West as well as the East. Those who know him are well aware that he is obstinate as a mule, and as conceited as he is obstinate. Now, he has known for many weeks that his plan of scattering the National troops and trying to hold many points against an enemy in superior force was resulting in certain disaster and ruin. But nothing that mortal man could say would change his purpose. He was advised by Gen. McClellan to evacuate Harper's Ferry some time ago, but true to his principle in strategy to hold as many places as possible he refused to have Harper's Ferry evacuated. During the past week he has lost 16,000 men as prisoners to the enemy, as the direct result of his plan of conducting the war. Everybody has known for months that Buell was a failure—everybody but Gen. Halleck, but he has clung to Buell because Buell's idea of strategy and his own are alike. The recent disasters in the South-west, however, have startled even Gen. Halleck, and he sees that the voice of the people will drive *him* as well as Buell from power if he does not do better.

It is at the end of a week in which Gen. Halleck has lost 16,000 troops to the enemy as prisoners of war, that he has the taste and "cheek," as the slang phrase would have it, to publish the following:

"CIRCULAR.—Maj.-Gen. Foster, commanding the Department of North Carolina, has called attention to an article in the New York *Evening Post*, in which is published the numbers and positions of his troops. He remarks that the New York papers always reach the enemy in a few days after publication, and that such information from our friends is more injurious than that gained by the rebel spies. The newspaper press is earnestly requested to make no publication in regard to the numbers and movements of our troops. No information could be more desirable to the enemy than this. *Such publications have done immense injury to our cause.* [Signed,] H. W. HALLECK,
"General-in-Chief."

Did any one ever hear the like? The italics are mine. If after such military management as we have had lately, it is in the power of the poor newspapers to do "immense injury to our cause," then I am greatly mistaken. In North Carolina we have always been successful. But how about the newspapers in Tennessee and Kentucky? Who has "done immense injury to our cause" there? If there is anybody in the wide land who yet supposes that the rebels are forced to resort to our newspapers to gain a knowledge of the strength and positions of our troops, he must be an extraordinary individual. We have enough traitors still left in our army to carry such news direct to the enemy. But the enemy is smart enough to find out for himself the important facts respecting the movements of our troops. Gen. Halleck is *not* equally smart in ascertaining the purposes of the enemy. As he despises the negro, of course he does not use *him* as a scout, but trusts the so-called Union men of the South, who are quite as likely to play into the hands of the rebels as into our own. With this management how long will it take to end the war?

There is more talk of an emancipation proclamation, but I can see no ground for believing that the President has made up his mind on the subject. There are certain facts which look as if some of our political leaders were "managing" to get rid, if possible, of all idea of emancipation. One of these persons writes as follows in one of our daily journals:

"I doubt not that an attempt will soon be made to discard from the Republican ranks its factious wing of Abolitionism; and that the Democratic party will likewise cast off its ultra wing of secret secessionists. The two parties thus purged, may coalesce as one great *Constitutional Union party*, leaving slavery unmolested in the Southern States. This policy I advocated nearly two years ago, but will it now prove successful?"

The writer signs himself "a Republican," and you will not be surprised to hear him use the following language in reference to the execution of the Confiscation and Emancipation acts:

"*What will become of the slaves?* Their immediate emancipation would be their ultimate destruction, besides, they are wanted just where they are, and *no where else* within our limits. The slaves of loyal masters will remain just where they were before, in servitude, mitigated no doubt by wise and Christian enactments. The *confiscated* slaves will become apprentices or *peons*, with the prospect of future liberty as soon as they are able to be benefitted by it. In the course of time all slavery would gradually disappear, from the force of circumstances, wherever it was practicable or desirable—provided, always, that Northern abolition agitation was in the meantime *squelched*."

These are but straws, but they are signs of the times. The longer Mr. Lincoln waits to decide the slavery question, the more danger there is that we shall fail in the contest by postponing emancipation to some future day, when it will be too late for *this* government to control the question. Already the European *diplomats* here consider the war as near its end, and the independence of the South as certain. They talk in such a vein, almost openly, but not offensively. They argue that the moral of the recent rebel retreat into Virginia is *that neither side can conquer the other*. True enough, if we could not improve upon our fighting during the last summer. But we have a resource still open to us which is untouched. Will the President use it and save the nation? Some of his best friends assert that he is only waiting to gain decided successes with the enemy, so that the slaves will believe in his *power* to free them when he issues his proclamation. I hope that even this statement is true. AVON.

AN ABOLITION TRIUMPH.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: If we are to take the assertions of the pro-slavery people of the North as true, that the Abolitionists were the prime cause of the present rebellion, then it follows, unless the President's emancipation proclamation shall prove a failure, that the Abolitionists have achieved even a greater triumph than they ever expected or hoped for—that is to say, they first got up a slaveholder's rebellion, and then in order to end it they put an end to slavery.

And here, by the way, let me say a word in behalf of political anti-slavery. It used to be said by Wendell Phillips that political anti-slavery was a failure. The last session of Congress witnessed its almost entire success in the passage of two acts—one for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the other establishing freedom in all the territories of the United States. Yours, exultingly, WM. HENRY BURR.

DR GASPARIN NOT DEAD.—The newspapers are lamenting the supposed death of Count de Gasparin, whose writings in defence of the North and against the Southern rebellion have done so much for our cause in Europe. The New York *Times*, however, says the Count de Gasparin, whose death in France is announced, is *not* the distinguished defender of our Republic and of our free institutions before Europe, but Adrien-Etienne-Pierre, Comte de Gasparin, an old man, eighty years of age, who formerly figured somewhat in French politics, and wrote various works on agricultural, rural, veterinary and cognate matters. If, says *The Times*, the Count de Gasparin, whose name is so widely known and honored throughout this country, lives as long as his family namesake who has just died, he has more than a quarter of a century of activity and usefulness before him.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.—Our old anti-slavery friend, Dr. E. D. Hudson, whose labors in the lecturing field many years ago did so much for the cause, is now engaged on his own account in the manufacture of artificial limbs, and has established an office and manufactory in Clinton Hall, Astor Place. Dr. H. has made great improvements in artificial legs and arms, as numerous letters and certificates from his patients attest. One of his patients, who had the misfortune to lose both legs by accident, has had them replaced by artificial ones, upon which he travels daily without inconvenience 14 miles, going to and returning from his work.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—The attractions of this establishment are as various as ever. The new play of "Claude Marcel" seems a favorite with visitors of every age. Important additions have recently been made to the Aquaria, which our country friends will now find more than ever worthy of attention.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News.

We have full confirmation of the retreat of the rebel army across the Potomac. Under cover of night, on Thursday, they stole across near Sharpsburg, carrying off all their transportation and nearly all their wounded. Our cavalry pursued them on Friday, but only succeeded in capturiug a few stragglers. Finding them on the other side of the river, an attempt was made to cross and flank them, but it was not successful. Fragmentary details of the great battle of Thursday reach us from various sources. An inspection of the field leads to the opinion that the rebels suffered far more than we did in killed and wounded. Last evening we received from Washington the substance of a dispatch from one of our battle-field correspondents, who returned to Frederick from Gen. McClellan's advance lines yesterday afternoon. He says that heavy firing was going on all day yesterday, both cannonading and musketry, and many wounded men were being brought in. Our troops had crossed the Potomac in large force, and were fighting on the other side. The rest of the army had advanced to the river. In the fighting, so far, we had decidedly the advantage of the rebels. Yesterday we captured a whole brigade of them, 2,000 in number. This our correspondent asserts upon the testimony of his own eyes. When he left the field at midnight of Saturday, the firing had not ceased. —From the Associated Press correspondence dated Headquarters, Saturday evening, we get some account of efforts to cross the Potomac made by our troops on Saturday. About two brigades crossed, but were forced back by a much stronger force of the enemy.—*Tribune, Monday.*

The only information from Major-Gen. McClellan's headquarters transmitted to us, up to 1 o'clock this morning, by Associated Press dispatch, informs us that all is quiet in Major-Gen. McClellan's army.—*Ib., Wednesday.*

By the surrender of Harper's Ferry, the rebels took 14,500 men, rations for 14,000 men for 20 days, 100 tons of ammunition, 57 guns (some of which were the best Parrott's), 14,000 stands of arms, and 4 batteries of artillery.

Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, is sending home the State Militia raised to repel the threatened rebel invasion. Some of them are said to be greatly disappointed at going back without having a chance to meet the enemy.

Louisville, Ky., is in momentary danger of attack from the rebel army under Gen. Bragg. Dispatches state that Bragg had evaded Buell and was several hours ahead of him, marching on the city. Gen. Nelson was making preparations for defense, and had directed the women and children to be prepared to leave without delay.

Gen. Hooker's Wound.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22—11 P.M.

Gen. Hooker was visited at his quarters at the Insane Hospital to-day by the President, Senator Hale and several officers of the army. The wound in his left foot is no longer painful, and a speedy recovery is anticipated by the attending surgeons. The ball passed through the bottom of the foot, but none of the bones were injured. The General is in excellent quarters, and receives the kindest attention and treatment from Dr. Nichols, Superintendent of the Hospital. Gen. Hooker chafes somewhat under the reflection that when he was obliged to leave the field he was whipping the enemy, and felt certain of destroying their army. His remark at the time he was hit was, that if they had let him alone until night he would not have cared what might have happened to him afterwards. He says that he had the enemy rolling towards the river, and with Sumner's fresh troops he was confident of annihilating them. It is a mistake to say that he had been repulsed when Gen. Sumner came up. His men were holding their ground, and were full of enthusiasm. When the supports went into the fight Hooker's men cheered them on, feeling that with their continued efforts the rebels would be scattered like chaff. Gen. Hooker and his staff accord to the corps formerly under Gen. McDowell the praise of having behaved splendidly. The Pennsylvania reserves, who have been broken repeatedly in previous battles, on this occasion fought with irresistible valor.—*Herald.*

The Rebel Army.

We have just had an opportunity of conversing with one of our surgeons who was captured at Harper's Ferry—a gentleman of scientific habit of mind and close observation. He had the opportunity which, till then, had scarcely been enjoyed by any loyalist, of seeing nearly the whole rebel army march by, as they were crossing the Potomac. There were two *corps d'armée*—that of Longstreet and Stonewall Jackson: they marched in two solid columns over the bridges, and were about fifteen hours in passing. This gentleman counted the numbers in a given time, and then made a rough estimate of the whole force: his reckoning would show those corps alone numbering close upon 60,000.

He had heard the usual accounts of the costume, appearance and condition of the rebel army, and like most of us, supposed them exaggerations. But he now says that no descriptions he has seen approach the truth. There never was beheld such a gang of ragged, rowdy looking men. It was like an army of ragpickers. There was no uniform or attempt at uniform. Officers and men were equally dirty and dingy. The hats were commonly old "Wide-Awakes," stained by a long campaign, often with the tops gone and the hair streaming out. The trowsers were of all colors, and generally in tatters up to the knees. The coats, if they had any, were dirty and ragged, and often well greased by the piece of bacon which each man carried on his bayonet. The shirts were black with long use. One officer told our informant that he had not been able to change his shirt for six weeks. Their blankets were of all colors and materials—often bits of carpeting and old bed-comforters. Nearly one half of the men were barefooted. They carried their crackers and bullets and caps all together in their pockets. Both officers and men were excessively lousy, and the stench from the passing columns was almost unbearable.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Guerillas.

The Guerillas, with the exception of New Orleans and its immediate vicinity, now have entire possession of the State of Louisiana, and its once fair fields are fast becoming a desolation, and its once happy people either utterly impoverished, or with this end, have not the melancholy privilege of occupying their desolated homes, but are refugees and know not where to lay their heads. New Orleans is full of people from Baton Rouge, from Donaldsonville, indeed, from all the towns on the river, people who two years ago were independent and happy, but are now penniless, and unable, by former education, to earn a living. The suffering among this class of persons no one can imagine, and many heart-broken and helplessly wretched are finding peace only in a pauper's grave. Who is to be held responsible for this misery? Oh! THE CRUELTY OF AN INEFFICIENTLY CONDUCTED WAR, for to this fearful weakness for General government are we really indebted for all the suffering of private persons—for this terrible infliction of irregular warfare, when robbers and cut-throats are elevated into belligerents, and treated with consideration when they should be hung or shot like dogs.—*N. O. Cor. Times.*

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

SEIZURE OF CONTRABANDS AT HARPER'S FERRY.—The rebels, when they captured Harper's Ferry, took some 500 or 600 "contrabands," most of whom had come in from the surrounding country. These were all driven into the armory yard as soon as taken, many of them being handcuffed. They were taken away toward Winchester by the retreating army; many were recognized (or pretended to be) by rebel officers as former slaves of their own. He saw one powerful young fellow ride up to a negro, seize him and cry out, "Ah! you black son of a ——! You d—d black devil! You drove my old mother out of the house, did you, and run off seventeen niggers? I'll blow your damned brains out!" (drawing a pistol). "No, I won't either, G—d d—n you, but I'll take you home, and I'll hang you before all the rest, as an example!" Some one in the crowd said, "That nigger's a goner! when the Captain says he'll do a thing, he'll *do* it!" This was undoubtedly a genuine case of a meeting between former master and slave. The negroes seemed very little disturbed at their changed position, being possibly too much confused by the suddenness of the affair to realize it. The "contrabands" had been employed upon the entrenchments about the Ferry, all of which they had constructed. Many of them were never the slaves of rebels, yet *all* were hurried off into the interior as most valuable booty. One shudders to think of the fate of those who shall fall into the hands of their former rebel owners.—*Cor. Tribune.*

CRUELTY TO THE BLACKS.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing from Camp Carrolton, La., says: "While abstaining from any argument, either for or against the arming of the slaves, I must enter a protest, in the name of humanity, against the manner in which they have been treated heretofore by the Federal government. The agents of the government have not scrupled to use the darkey chattels of rebels in any and every manner in which their services could be made available, without in any instance tendering them compensation. The negroes, placing the most implicit and child-like confidence in the Yankees, cheerfully and cordially serve them in any way they can. As means of acquiring information, as guides and as laborers, they have been found eminently useful, conferring great benefits on the cause of the Union, and at the same time drawing upon their own devoted heads the bottled-up wrath of rebeldom to be forced out as soon as the protecting presence of the Federal guard is withdrawn. Lo! the poor nigger! His chance is, indeed, slim, if he falls into the clutches of the Philistines after having been familiar with the Yankees. He is mercilessly flogged, shot, hung or burned alive according to the enormity of his offence. And yet, knowing these facts, the agents of the Federal government do not hesitate to avail themselves of his readiness to serve us as long as they can use him, and then refuse him the poor favor of transportation to some other neighborhood. I have seen negroes employed in stripping a confiscated plantation of everything, even to the bacon, corn meal and poultry, on which they are expected to live, and then kicked off the steamboat when ready to start. This is not just nor generous. The government should either not accept any services at their hands, or strive at least to leave them in as good a situation as it finds them."

INSUBORDINATION AMONG SLAVES.—*New Orleans, Sept. 9.*—There is no doubt that the negroes, for more than fifty miles up the river, are in a state of insubordination. The country is given up to pillage and desolation. The Unionists are robbed by guerillas. The Unionists levy upon the secessionists. The slaves refuse obedience and cannot be compelled to labor. The guerillas drive them off from the plantations when the Union forces are known to be near, and hundreds escape by following the Unionists to Carrolton as they return from their foraging expeditions. They do this often against the wishes of the officers in command, and I am assured by an officer who has been out to that country that nine-tenths of the slaves would leave the plantations for Carrolton if they should be encouraged to do so. The planters' families are in a deplorable condition. Unable to raise food for their subsistence, unable to purchase it, obliged to feed their negroes, who will not work, these negroes almost in a state of revolt, the able-bodied whites mostly in the rebel army as conscripts—they seem to have nothing left to learn in misfortune. If the real state of these plantations at the present time was known in the army of Gen. Lee, there would be very little more needed to make many homesick hearts there.—*Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

BUTLER'S BLACK SOLDIERS—*New Orleans, Sept. 10.*—The Truro Asylum, intended for widows and orphans, is serving the novel purpose of a barracks for the free colored men called out by Gov. Moore's proclamation, and now mustering under the flag of the United States. The city recruiting for this, or possibly these regiments, has gone on with great animation, whole companies having been made up in a few days. Yesterday I saw, for the first time, one of those novel volunteers in Uncle Sam's costume. I took great comfort in the recollection that the British West India regiments of the same material are admitted, even by English martinets, to be efficient and serviceable men.

I am looking forward with considerable interest to the appearance of these troops under a military organization. That they will quickly learn to drill I have not a doubt, and I cannot see why they are not the best men in the world for manning our Southern forts. History illustrates, on board of our men-of-war, that colored men have always been efficient sailors, have always shown themselves active and excellent artillerists, and mixed up with white sailors have always been among the first to board the enemy's ships, and have always done fearful execution. I trust that certain parties at the North who are so fond of denouncing Gen. Hunter, will not forget, in speaking of this free colored men's organization, to state that it was called into existence by Gov. Moore, of Louisiana, and was originally intended to serve under the Confederate flag—but fortunately Gen. Butler came in, and will use the men to defend the United States flag. If the principle was wrong, blame the chivalrous Chief Magistrate of the most Southern State, save Texas, of the Union; for the good these men may do give credit to the General commanding the Department of the Gulf.

Sept. 13.—Very soon the entire available white population of the South will be in the field; the conscription act has already weeded out all from 18 to 35, and soon you will hear of an order seizing upon the remaining population, of ages from the extreme of 16 to 55. This grasp for war purposes will pretty much destroy the merchants, school teachers and intelligent mechanics, and also almost annihilate what is termed the poor native whites, so that in another year, under the present way of conducting things, there will be nothing left here but the rich slaveholder and his chattels, an accomplishment designed and desired at the commencement of this rebellion. This war makes it transparent to the most morally blind, that to-day, but for the labor of the slave, the Confederates would have had no resources, and as soon as the entire available white population of the South is drafted, of course the laboring and producing class left at home is *composed exclusively of the slaves.* The loyal people of the North and West should therefore remember, that while they are wasting their money like water, and leaving the bones of their fathers, sons and husbands upon a hundred bloody fields of the South, *that it is possible for the President, with a single dash of his pen, to topple down this mighty wrong against humanity and Heaven, and make its wretched leaders sue for peace.* When will he do it?—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.—Gen. Butler's order, that he would emancipate any slave who would expose any one who had concealed weapons, put a detective policeman in every house, and there cannot be a doubt but that some masters have suffered by their slaves finding weapons which they—the slaves—first hid away. Within a few days an old friend of mine has been arrested and sent to Ship Island for refusing to give up his gun, under circumstances that deserve notice. He had a "double barrel" which he esteemed highly for long years of good service, and in addition, he had a *faithful servant, whom he trusted as he would his own wife or child.* Believing that he would be perfectly safe in retaining the piece, and having no absolute desire to defy the government, he wrapped the fowling-piece up in some cloth and gave it to the servant to hide away until such time as it could be brought forth in safety. The result was that the faithful slave instantly communicated the facts to the two servants in the kitchen, and the three made a complaint before the proper authorities against their master, thereby obtaining their freedom, and placing him a prisoner on Ship Island. I have heard the story over and over again, and am at a loss to know exactly how to feel when I hear the victims of misplaced confidence dwell upon the fact, that they would, up to the moment of their betrayal, have placed their lives in the hands of this favored domestic, who was the pet of the house, and had never in the long years of her servitude, shown even a look of insubordination or dissatisfaction. It is not necessary for me to draw the moral—like an unsound cork in a bottle of good champagne, *it draws itself.*—*N. O. Cor. Times.*

A PRO-SLAVERY MAN CONVERTED.—*Camp Carrolton, La., Aug. 26.*—At Camp Parapet I saw what I had often heard of, but never expected to see—an entire regiment of slaves, regularly organized, and drilling to the best of their ability; the drill as it is in Scott and Hardee, with a slight infusion of the English style. I content myself with the simple announcement of this fact. I have no comments to make. Since the beginning of this war my opinions have undergone so many and such radical changes that I have no longer any confidence in human judgment. I am satisfied that no man can have indisputable evidence that he is right in any of his opinions, and, therefore, I will as far as possible dispense with holding any settled opinions in the future. I came into this war a pro-slavery man, with the strongest possible convictions in favor of a war for the Union, so conducted as not to interrupt the *status* of slavery in slave States. Now, if I am anything, I am an Abolitionist—not an Abolitionist *per se*, but a believer in abolition as a military necessity—an Abolitionist to punish rebellion and treason, and to close up this infernal war.—*Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE CHILDREN OF SLAVES.—The following correspondence will show one of the many ways in which the army is interfering with the "peculiar institution."

OFFICE OF LOUISIANA STATE PENITENTIARY,
BATON ROUGE, Aug. 19, 1862.

Maj.-Gen. B. F. BUTLER, Commanding Department of the Gulf.

MY DEAR SIR: I have in this institution several children, born in the prison of female convicts, between the ages of one and ten years. By the law of the State of Louisiana, these children are State property, and the custom has been to sell them into slavery at the age of ten years, and appropriate the proceeds to purposes of State expenditure.

In view of the evacuation of the city, and possibly the abandonment of this institution, it has become a serious matter what shall be done with these children. Knowing your sentiments too well to believe you will order these prisoners, who have never yet gone beyond the confines of the penitentiary, sent into slavery, and not caring to take a responsibility which you would so willingly assume, I ask to be directed with regard to these children of incarcerated parents.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,
MOSES BATES,
Superintendent Louisiana State Penitentiary.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 20, 1862.

MOSES BATES, *Esq., Superintendent State Penitentiary.*

SIR: I certainly cannot sanction any law of Louisiana which enslaves any children of female convicts born in the State Prison. Their place of birth is certainly not their fault.

You are therefore to take such care of them as would be done with other destitute children. If these children were born of female convict slaves, possibly the master might have some claim; but I do not see how the State should have any.

I am very respectfully your obedient servant,
B. F. BUTLER, Major-General Commanding.
By A. F. PUFFER, Lieutenant and A. D. C.

HOW SLAVES WERE TREATED AT HARPER'S FERRY.—A citizen of New Hampshire, recently with our forces at Harper's Ferry, expresses much indignation at the pro-slavery policy adopted and enforced by Col. Miles and his command. He says that during all the Union occupation, Harper's Ferry was little better than a slave barracoon. Fugitives being permitted to enter, but never allowed to depart, in any direction, except southward, with their rebel masters who had taken the oath of allegiance.

Many wished to go to Baltimore and others to come to Washington, where they had an opportunity to work, but the officers in command, Warren Thompson, Lieutenant of Ordinance, being conspicuous in enforcing the policy, took the ground that to give any slave a pass made the giver responsible for his financial value, and that he could be "constitutionally" given up only to his owner.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

NEGRO CAPTIVES.—The Richmond *Whig* of Saturday states that among the captures made by the Confederates at Harper's Ferry on Monday of last week were *two thousand negroes.* Of course, these negroes were not paroled like our soldiers, but were driven South to be put to use, most likely, in the rebel army, or at some civil or military work in aid of the rebellion, or, perhaps, to be sold into slavery. We have no doubt they will be subjected to the most atrocious treatment by their Southern captors. Many of them were undoubtedly freemen by birth; many had earned their freedom by services to our cause and our army; and all of them were under the guardianship and protection of the government. Most of them were employed in various army work at Harper's Ferry, under the act of last session of Congress, authorizing the employment of negroes as military laborers. We suppose that government will do nothing about these unfortunate persons, who had placed themselves under its care, though by all the laws of war, of national honor, and of humanity, it is as much bound to see to their just treatment as to that of any other of its agents.

Three or four times, of late, the rebels have taken numbers of the black military laborers with our army. They took a considerable number on the Peninsula; they took a large body who were sent out grave-digging near Bull Run, after Pope's late engagements; and now, at Harper's Ferry, they made the best haul of all. The rebels, of course, could not be induced to treat negroes as prisoners of war; but our government, having become responsible for their freedom and safety, should either put them where they will be safe from the rebel grasp and the horrors of slavery, or should try by negotiation to save them from the latter doom and mitigate their misfortunes. It would be better, of course, if it would make haste to put down the rebellion, by which these and all other minor questions would be solved.—*Times.*

GEN. MITCHEL IN THE SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—*Port Royal, Sept. 20.*—Gen. Mitchel finds the majority of the soldiers in this department bitterly prejudiced against the negroes. Under the false teachings of party demagogues of the Breckinridge school of politics, the army believes that the abolition of slavery will bring negro labor into competition with white, and in addition to this fallacy, it also imagines itself to have been insulted by Gen. Hunter's attempt to organize a regiment of blacks. The pride of the soldiers has been piqued by what they supposed was placing the negro upon an equality with themselves, and they resent the affront, as far as possible, upon blacks, whom they abhor with a perfect abhorrence. As far as I am able to judge, the hate is reciprocal; and while I deplore the existing state of things, I have to confess that the negroes—under the "petting" policy of their friends on the one hand, and the "persecuting" policy of the soldiers on the other—are in a fair way of becoming good for nothing. They have been too prominent a feature in the affairs of the Department. Had the matter of making them freemen, and elevating them in the moral scale, been made subordinate, instead of superior, to every other consideration—had the soldiers been taught that slavery was a dead issue—that, leaving out the ethical question as to whether it be right or wrong, simply as a war measure it must be abolished—that its doom has been decreed by the Almighty—that its destruction is as certain as that Death stalks upon the earth;—had this been taught, and had the services of the blacks been early made available in relieving the troops of fatigue duty, a different sentiment would now obtain, and a much better condition of affairs have resulted. The negro, instead of being despised and persecuted, would have been respected for the many good qualities he possesses—would have been pitied for the misfortunes to which oppression has subjected him, and would have been protected as a willing co-worker with the soldiers in dealing a death-blow to rebellion. Gradually, had proper wisdom been exercised in the outset, the black man might have done his duty in the cause of human liberty—if necessary, with the rifle, as well as with the spade—and neither ignorant prejudice would have been excited, nor false pride have stood in the way.

I have great faith in the ability of Gen. Mitchel to harmonize the discordant and refractory elements which meet him at the threshold of his new command;—I rely much in his power, not only as a soldier but in a more potential way with his voice, as he discourses familiarly with his men, to give the proper tone to public opinion here respecting the great issues involved in this contest. He hates slavery with a supreme hatred. He knows that it is the poisoned source whence flow the streams of blood now deluging the country. His be the task to fire the breast of every soldier here and nerve his arm with zeal to destroy the pestilential fountain which has well nigh overwhelmed the national life. To do this effectually there must first be unanimity of purpose, and that can only be brought about when men cease wrangling over the dead body of slavery. Let the future of the slaves be forgotten. Ignore their existence, if need be, at present. Let them suffer as we all suffer, more or less, during this conflict. But get the negro away from the corn fields and rice plantations of his owner, where he is producing food for him while he is fighting. This is the practical work demanded by the emergency, and I incline to the opinion that Gen. Mitchel will undertake it.—*Correspondence of The Times.*

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. XV. Spiritualism—Uzziah. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In turning over the pages of this volume we find many articles of popular interest and some of great value. Of some of them we give the titles: Spritualism, Steam, Steam Engine, Steam Carriage, Steam Navigation, Stereoscope, Sugar, Lake Superior, Language and Literature of Sweden, Syriac Language and Literature, Tobacco, United States of America, Literature of the United States, Theatre, Universalists, Unitarianism. In the department of biography we observe many eminent names both of the living and the dead; among them the following: C. H. Spurgeon, J. G. Spurzheim, Lord Stanley, Joseph Story, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Eugene Sue, Charles Sumner, Emanuel Swedenborg, Dean Swift, Thomas Noon Talfourd, Prince Talleyrand, Roger B. Taney, Zachary Taylor, William Tell, Alfred Tennyson, W. M. Thackeray, H. D. Thoreau, Anthony Trollope, Stephen H. Tyng. The volume is also rich in the departments of Geography and Natural History.

The work will be completed in one volume more.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October contains less than its usual variety, and, it must be confessed, is rather heavy. We give the list of articles: Autumnal Tints, by the late Henry D. Thoreau; David Gaunt, by the author of "Life in the Iron Mills"; Euphorion, by Bayard Taylor; House-Building, by J. Eliot Cabot; Mr. Axtell; Leanington Spa, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; Sanitary Condition of the Army, by Edward Jarvis, M.D.; An Arrb Welcome, by T. B. Aldrich; Elizabeth Sara Sheppard; A Niche in the Heart, by the author of "Charles Auchester"; Resources of the South, by E. H. Derby; The Battle-Autumn of 1862, by J. G. Whittier; Reviews and Literary Notices. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

MADAME DEMOREST'S QUARTERLY MIRROR OF FASHION for the Fall of 1862 contains the pictures and patterns which will enable any woman skilled in the use of scissors and needle to be her own *fashionable* dressmaker and milliner. Mothers, too, will find in it the necessary directions for making clothing for their children. It may be found at the periodical stores, or at Madame Demorest's, 473 Broadway. Price 25 cents.

THE REBELLION RECORD, Part XXII., contains likenesses of Major-General Heintzelman and the rebel Ben McCulloch. It is wholly occupied with the documentary division of the work, including the first portion of the reports of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, fought April 6-7. New York: G. P. Putnam. Charles T. Evans, General Agent, 532 Broadway.

CHARLES SUMNER, it is said, will deliver a series of political addresses in the principal cities and towns of Massachusetts previous to the November election. His first speech will be delivered in Boston next week.

OUR Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware subscribers, especially those who are in arrears, are requested to remit the amount they owe to J. M. McKim, 106 North-Tenth street, Philadelphia, before the 1st of October.

WHEN YOU FEEL A COUGH or bronchial affection creeping on the lungs, take AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and cure it before it becomes incurable.

Summary.

CHANGE OF NAME.—Since Illinois poured forth her myriads so gloriously for the support of the Union cause, her soubriquet has been changed by general consent from the Sucker State to the Succor State.—*Eve. Post.*

CALLING FOR EMANCIPATION.—A large and most enthusiastic public meeting was held at Rockton, Wisconsin, lately, to consider the memorial of the Christian citizens of Chicago to President Lincoln, calling for immediate emancipation of the slaves. Patriotic speeches were made, and the memorial endorsed unanimously.

GEN. GARFIELD, known as the "praying Colonel," is the Republican nominee for Congress in the old Giddings district, Ohio. Col. Garfield, when the war broke out, was President of Hiram College in Ohio, and graduated from that as Lieut.-Colonel of the 42d Ohio Regiment. He has since been made successively a Colonel and Brigadier-General, for bravery and ability displayed on the field.

FEEDING REBELS IN NEW-ORLEANS.—New-Orleans is an expensive luxury. The government is paying more than $50,000 a month, considerably more than the army of occupation costs, to feed the starving rebels whom Major-Gen. Lovell and Jeff. Davis have left upon our hands or send in from day to day from beyond our lines to be fed. The approach of winter renders it a serious question whether the National government is called upon to support men who refuse to take the oath of allegiance.

CONVOCATION OF LOYAL GOVERNORS.—The initiative steps have been taken for a Convention of the Governors of the loyal States. There exists an eminent propriety, if not necessity, in this meeting. The following is a copy of the call:

"COLUMBUS, Ohio, September 14.

"Governor ——: We invite a meeting of the Governors of the loyal States, to be held at Altoona, Pennsylvania, on the 24th. Please reply to Gov. Curtin.

"ANDREW CURTIN,
"DAVID TOD,
"F. H. PEIRPOINT."

THE PEACE SOCIETY OF LONDON has issued an address to the people of the United States urging that the time has come when an attempt should be made to arrest the destructive conflict. It deprecates any intervention but such as would prove acceptable to Americans, but says the idea of friendly mediation may be entertained without any derogation of national dignity. It argues that there are only two alternatives—either the utter extermination of one party or some accommodation and compromise between the contending sides, and asks if it is not better to have recourse to the latter at once before the feelings of both sides become hopelessly inflamed with animosity and vengeance.

STEAMER FOR THE COLONIZATION SCHEME.—The authorities are making exertions to obtain a vessel suitable for use in the colonization scheme. Hon. S. C. Pomeroy, of Kansas, and Messrs. Dyer and Thompson have visited several prize vessels in this port, but we do not learn that any were selected. It is stated that Rev. Mr. Garnett, of the Shiloh Church in this city, who thought of proceeding to Chiriqui with the first company of colonists, has changed his intention. Many of the colored people of New York believe that no arrangements have been made for the acquisition of territory for their exclusive use in that locality, and that the inhabitants are opposed to their coming.—*Eve. Post.*

SENATOR BROWNING.—Republicans in Illinois, who know how "radical" Senator Browning was when he left home to

Miscellaneous Department.

WILD FLOWERS.

ALL flowers to me are beautiful,
Whatever name they bear;
They shed a glory and a grace,
A sunlight, everywhere.

Whether, like blushing rose, they stoop,
Or, lilly-like, aspire,
Or in their prismal colors group,
I love them, and admire.

Yet there are some, our own wild flowers—
(Call them not weeds, I pray—)
That, thrust outside the garden wall,
Have claims as great as they.

Nay, they have double charms for me,
And share my homage still,
Although they deck no rich man's hall,
Nor poor man's window-sill.

Upspringing on the breezy heath,
Beside the babbling brook,
Down in the elm-embowered lane,
Hid in the shady nook,—

So careless, unconstrained, and free,
So humble, free from art,
They charm, and cannot help but charm,
If not the eye, the heart.

They were the Savior's picture-books,
These children of the field;
And, sweetly wise and beautiful,
Still the same lessons yield.

The freckled foxglove on the bank,
The primrose in the dell,
The wild-rose in the hawthorn hedge,
The scarlet pimpernel—

These are the humble flowers that still
Our deepest nature move;
Their grander mates we all admire,
These lowly ones we love.

For they are big with memories
Of pleasant hours gone by,
Like some (in happy childhood heard)
Forgotten melody.

They woo us from the smoky town,
God's blessed works to view,
And teach us many a hallowed truth,
And priceless lesson too.

Wild flowers—let me no longer live
Than while their beauties please;
Man's gorgeous petted nurslings those—
God's humble wildlings these.

Suggestive still, and lesson-fraught,
They teach me glad content,
Cheerful submission to my lot,
And quiet merriment.

More than their mates, they teach me this,
Whispering blest truths abroad;
And still proclaiming, as they bloom,
The fatherhood of God.

S. W. PARTRIDGE.

A WORD FOR THE HOUR.

[Part of a sermon by Rev. W. H. FURNESS—published in *The Christian Inquirer*.]

THE question is not now, How can our country be instantly restored to a condition of peace and prosperity? because that is absolutely impossible. We are suffering, and we must continue to suffer for a time to come; and the principles, and the measures in and by which those principles must work, cannot, under any possible circumstances, work otherwise than gradually; and as they must work against ignorance, and prejudice, and self-interest, and a thousand adverse influences, of course there must come noise and violence. And the question, therefore, I say, is not between suffering as we are and an instant cessation of our sufferings, but it is, Shall we go on suffering more and more, with no prospect but from bad to worse for an indefinite future? or shall we have the comfort of setting an influence at work, which, however it may be resisted, or may seem at times to be neutralized, or even to work in a reverse direction, does nevertheless give us the only possible hope of bringing about a happier condition of things? In brief terms, the alternative with which we are confronted is, Shall we give up in despair, and doggedly consent to let all this misery go on we know not how long, or shall we be hopeful, and do the only thing we can to bring this wretched state of things to an end?

If we are resolved to do what we can to stay the plague that afflicts us in the only way which is open to us as individuals to do anything—namely, by endeavors, first of all, to see precisely how the case stands—then we shall not be disheartened and deterred from endeavoring to ascertain the truth, every one for himself, in regard to this evil hour, by the fact that the truth will be certain to be resisted and denied. This of course. It must be so. It cannot be helped. There is, and there will continue to be great suffering anyhow, great confusion of thought, violent clashing of opinion, and at times it will seem as if the disorder that reigns were incurable. Nevertheless, since suffering there must be, if not in one form, then in another, the best way to suffer, the suffering that is most easily borne, is that which comes from being faithful to the truth. There is nothing in the world that makes a man so strong as the consciousness which he has under the troubles that come upon him for his fidelity to what he knows to be true. Why, the greatest of teachers, he from whose lips and life has come the purest wisdom that the world has ever listened to—he has pronounced it a blessedness to suffer even unto death for righteousness' sake. He has declared that it is royal to suffer thus; that it is equivalent to becoming possessed of more than a worldly, even of a heavenly power. And the blessedness of thus suffering for the truth consists in this, that amidst all the uproar that the faithful assertion of the truth almost always occasions, the worst falls upon those who assert it. They are the chief sufferers; and, happily, not only are they the best able to endure suffering, inasmuch as they are prepared for it beforehand, and have the consciousness of the purest motives to support them, and can extract life and peace and great glory from all their tribulations, but the sufferings of all such—of all those who suffer, not only innocently, but when they are more than innocent, when in reality they deserve the world's thanks for the very words or acts for which the world persecutes them—the sufferings, I say, of all such mean something. Indeed, there is nothing that happens in this world of ours that means more, that means so much. Nothing speaks so distinctly, and with such powerful eloquence, and such great things to the inmost souls of men, as the suffering endured by those who suffer on account of truth and righteousness. The firmament over our heads, with all its changing aspects of beauty and sublimity, is as full as any book of meaning, and it awakens in us emotions, it communicates thoughts to us, which the tongue cannot utter. But the vast firmament is a dead, unmeaning expanse, in comparison with the sufferings of those who bleed and die for their fidelity to the truth. A voice comes from their silent agonies more significant than the sound of many thunders. There is no light that ever shone in upon the soul of man, from any point in space, so illuminating as that which radiates from the cross of the man of Nazareth. Out of the fathomless depths of being disclosed all around us, there has come no voice speaking great truths like the voice that has been sounding for centuries through the world, with thousandfold reverberations, from the blood of that great Martyr to humanity, announcing that Love is the supreme power in this universe. To suffer for the truth is to speak for it, to publish it, to compel attention to it, to enforce it in the most effectual manner possible. It is to get the public ear and the public heart as they can be got in no other way. It is to make the truth a living and visible presence, weeping, bleeding, agonizing before the eyes of men. It is putting it before the world in a way in which the world cannot resist it. There is no truth plainer than this; no truth that has been oftener attested in the history of mankind. The introduction of Christianity is the most impressive illustration that we have of it. In every age has our religion been advanced in this way. It has long been a familiar proverb: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." The past history, in our own day, of the progress of the sacred sentiment of humanity, of the principles of personal liberty, exemplifies the same fact. Men have been reviled and proscribed and shot down and killed for publicly asserting that great principle; and their sufferings, awakening sympathy, calling into action the sense of justice native to the hearts of men, and (God be praised!) ineradicable—their sufferings have multiplied the number of those who see and feel with them, have aroused the slumbering conscience and humanity of the people, and have thus done a great work in preparing them to meet the present crisis as well as they have done.

By the way, my friends, much as we may complain of the difficulty and delay which we suffer in putting down this slaveholders' revolt, it will be well for us to consider where we should have been now, in how much worse a condition, had we not been as well prepared for this outrage as we were—had it not been for the fact that, for five-and-twenty years past, and more, the people had been awakened more and more to the great question which has now been referred to the bloody arbitrament of the sword. Although, as far as the physical material of war is concerned, we have been taken by surprise by this ferocious treason, in respect to the moral force, which is of infinitely more importance in the conflict, the people of those free States have been found to be ready for the question, to a degree which, to my mind, I confess, was wholly unexpected. I had no idea that the inspiring sentiment of patriotism, and the love of that large liberty which our free institutions represent, were so strong and so widely diffused. I was wholly unprepared for so grand a demonstration of these central and essential forces as we have witnessed and are still witnessing. I greatly feared that years of subserviency to the arrogant domination of the Slave Power had well-nigh extinguished in the popular heart everything like a generous love of country and of freedom. It certainly seemed, for a time, as if the one predominant aim of our people were, at every hazard, to protect the peculiar institution. Freedom of thought and speech, without which liberty ceases to exist, we had shown again and again, in our large cities and in our villages, a willingness to relinquish, so that slaveholding might be secure. There seemed little else that remained that we could not sooner or later be induced to give up to the same interest. So it seemed to many among ourselves. And so, I imagine, it appeared to those who inaugurated this atrocious treason. In "firing the Southern heart," as they found it necessary to do to begin with, little did they dream of kindling, as they did, the whole North into a light blaze. They had no idea there was anything combustible here. They were so used to having things their own way, that they fancied that there remained nothing amongst us to resist them that we ourselves would not be ready to overcome. It is true that even yet, strange to say, Northern subserviency is not utterly extinct. There are those among us still, whose patriotism and love of liberty are weak, in comparison with their solicitude to perpetuate the institution which has trained the people of the South from their cradles to rebel against civilization and humanity—a solicitude the unworthy nature of which is hidden from the weak eyes of those who cherish it, under the idea that it is merely a solicitude for the sanctity of the Constitution. And there lingers in the minds of many a tenderness for slaveholding, which beguiles them into the absurdity of imagining that peace can be restored though the bloody fountain of treason be left to send forth its deadly streams over the land. Still the heart of the North beats in strong accord with the love of country and of freedom. And that it does so, is owing to the fact that for more than thirty years past the appealing voice of justice and liberty has not ceased to be heard, keeping the people awake, and preventing them from being utterly stupified by the bribes and threats of the Slave Power, which has been aiming, all the time, according to its nature, to throw into a death-sleep every free and manly aspiration.

The present condition of the country, gloomy and painful as it is, nevertheless bears this witness to the force of truth, and shows us how the agitation which it causes, so far from disheartening, should encourage us greatly. Indeed, there is nothing plainer at this hour than the folly of dreading the truth, of being afraid to say and to do the right thing, because it may cause trouble. But trouble we are having, and trouble we must have under any circumstances; and the trouble all comes from the wrong that exists, from the false ways we have of seeing things and dealing with them. Shall we hold back, then, from righting what is admitted to be wrong; from putting justice in the place of injustice; from urging the prompt restoration to our brother-man of the rights from the violation of which has come this horrible war? Shall we shrink from being faithful to this truth, because, forsooth, it will make trouble? What! and when it is so plain that the trouble which a fearless fidelity to the truth causes, works for the truth, and not against it—for the truth, in fact, far more powerfully than anything else works for it—and so, working for the truth, works, of course, to deliver us from the evils under which we are suffering, and to hasten the coming of the good that shall abound when the truth shall prevail? I have no doubt that if they who have the greatest influence in the land were to assert the sacred law of justice, and pay the homage that is due to our common humanity in the persons of those who have so long been wronged, and are still greatly wronged by every moment's delay—I have no doubt it would make trouble; it would drive the Slave Power into acts of the most ferocious rage, and stir up a conflict of opinions and parties more or less bitter; and the fiercest imprecations would be hurled upon those who had dared to act righteously. But troublesome as all this would be, we should be paid for this trouble many times over, and in many different ways, and especially in this way: Those who, from their high official position, would have to bear the brunt, and meet the troubles that would thus be let loose, would soon find that it was made worth their while to endure their lot. They would find themselves well paid for it, in the new consciousness of strength which always comes from doing the true thing. We think that we know a thing to be right, and just as clearly as it can be known—as clearly as any one knows it; but just do it—make your thought, your conviction, or whatever you call it—make it an act or fact, and you will find all the difference in the world between your faith before and your faith after your thought is made an actual thing. It is the difference between weakness and strength, between death and life. Therefore, I say that if our leaders, or those who hold the position of leaders of this people, were to proclaim equal liberty as the supreme interest of this critical hour, any trouble that would arise from the excitement of conflicting parties and opinions would be more than balanced by the new strength of which they would be conscious when they had once committed themselves to the right. They would from that moment have a strength which they have not now, and which is the one most urgent need of the present dark hour, as is becoming every moment more and more apparent.

Yes, our great want at this moment is strong leading men, to guide a brave, generous, and willing people. The absence of such men is the gloomiest and most painful feature of the time. We all have faith in the good dispositions, in the honesty of the man who stands at the head of the nation, and he shows himself ready, even desirous to be pushed on in the right path, if the people will only push strongly enough. He is movable. He is not a fixture, rooted and grounded in the pathway of national deliverance, blocking up all advancement, even when all Nature is aroused to lash us on. This is no common merit in a President. For the Presidents we have had of late years, and the only Presidents that a little while ago seemed possible for us, were men who were worse than fixtures, worse than dead weights—men who threw all the weight they had, and that was official only, against the progress of the nation. Heaven be praised that we have a man in the Presidential chair whose face is as though he would go towards the light, and who is evidently willing to be borne along in that direction, and who, as he says, keeps his mind open for new views, and holds himself bound to adopt them when they are found to be true. But it does not appear to be in his nature to take the initiative, to advance a single step and lead the people up. In fact, there is no man now in whose personal strength the people rest with pefect confidence, and feel that all is safe, although there is nothing we all want so much to do as thus to put trust in some one. Our armies are immense. We have collected the material of war in the greatest abundance. But who is there—where, in popular estimation, is the master-spirit that knows how to direct to a successful result all this huge machinery of national defence? Alas! there is no strong man, no man equal to the position and the hour. "I looked, and behold there was no man." It is our great, our most pressing need—a man who shall not wait for opportunities, but who, seeing a great end, and throwing his whole heart into it, will make opportunities for himself and for the people to go forward and to be where his heart is. How much do we want strong men!

I believe before God, there is only one way in which this our greatest want can be supplied. The strength that is needed can come to us only as we put ourselves in accord with the law of equal justice. That will make the weakest strong. And if those who are not by any means the weakest, who are already strong—strong, at least, in their official position and in their personal integrity—if they would lead the way, if they would promptly use the power which they may, to right the wrong which is the one special cause of all our woe, they would, I repeat, become possessed of a new strength, in the consciousness of the power of the right, which no man can have until he does the right. Our rulers, thus strengthened, would reanimate the whole people. It is our weakness that magnifies the resistance which the proclamation of universal liberty would meet. We forget that now, as always, the generality of men are eager to be led, and that thousands who are now weak and hesitating, will be at once strengthened when they whose office it is to administer our national affairs at this hour, shall speak boldly out that one sacred word, freedom. That one word would be to the Slave Power what the word of Jesus was to the demoniac. While it would exorcise the accursed spirit, it would, for the moment, fling the South down into foaming convulsions of rage and despair. That a Border State clamor of opposition, of curses, and of threats would instantly greet it, there can be no doubt. But I believe, as I believe in the living God, that that clamor would soon be drowned in the joyous acclamations of a liberty-loving people; that the hearts of the millions of us who believe in the personal integrity of the President would warm towards him with a new ardor of personal confidence, and that he would feel himself made strong to a degree that would surprise himself, in the consciousness of the right, and in the new confidence he would have in the respect and affection of the country. Thus, in this way should we be compensated for whatever trouble the assertion of the truth might occasion. Thus would the lesson which I have now been endeavoring to enforce receive another and more inspiring illustration. And we should see how unwise, how fruitful of evil it is to postpone the truth because it will cause trouble, and how wise it is to seek the truth, and to serve it without hesitation and without fear. God write this lesson upon our hearts!

My friends, I have pleasure in returning to these services. I am thankful for the opportunity which I have had of enjoying the refreshing relaxation of the country. But is there one of us who has been able to throw off the heavy weight of care which now presses with almost crushing force upon every mind? Who can forget the sorrows of his country? Is the thought of our friends, sons and brothers, exposed to sickness, wounds and death in horrible forms, ever absent from our hearts? There are some among us who have seen cherished ones, young, strong, the generous and the brave, laid low. They went forth in the strength and hopefulness of youth, and have returned no more. God comfort the desolated homes! They who have died sleep well. The benediction of the nation rests upon their honorable graves. Yes, they sleep well. But "who knows what the coming hour, veiled in thick darkness, brings to us"? We can bear these agonizing losses, we can meet whatever awaits us only through a clear vision of the truth and righteousness of God. Most earnestly do I hope that this place may be to us all a mount of vision—that here we may learn to lay aside all our pride, and to obtain an insight into those things which alone can bring us peace now and forever. Let us raise our thoughts to Him in unutterable prayer for the rich grace of candid minds and open hearts!

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.

And calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest-happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and flowers
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
This joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
And hearts with hate are hot;
But even-paced come round the years,
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
The fires that blast and burn;
For all the tears of blood we sow
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
The good of suffering born,—
The hearts that blossom like her flowers
And ripen like her corn.

Oh, give to us, in times like these,
The vision of her eyes;
And make her fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies!

Oh, give to us her finer ear!
Above this stormy din,
We, too, would hear the bells of cheer
Ring peace and freedom in!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

JOHN BROWN.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

SPOUTING ROCK, Sept. 15, 1862.

I HAVE recently been passing some charming days with some near and dear friends of old John Brown. It would seem to have become less of a crime to have known or to name him. This gentleman, who was known to have assisted the Captain more than any other person in a pecuniary way, tells me that in those days his fellow-merchants "cut" him in the streets. He pursued the bo-peep policy with them ("let them alone"), and, sure enough, taught by events:

"They all came home,
And brought their tails behind them."

Their right hands are extended again to him, with confessions of hastiness! Few are found now to speak in hasty condemnation of "the raid of John Brown"; but many sigh: Alas, had we now such a man in Virginia!

In this house the hero stood! Yes, its inmates, with moist eyes point and say, "There is where he sat when last here; with that boy he played; here is the bowie-knife which Clay Pate, in Kansas, took along when seeking Brown's blood. Brown made him surrender it, and gave it to us for a keepsake; here is a bit of his hair and his beard, taken from him after death." Such things as these fond hearts are embalming all over the loyal States.

But most was I moved by a letter which has never been published, written in Charlestown jail to the wife of the gentleman to whom I refer, written on the verge of the Dark Valley. This letter is the only one which never passed through his jailor's hands; it was found between the leaves of a book by Brown's widow a long time afterward. The close reader will observe how the old man strives to convey farewells to more than one person, but is afraid to call any names for fear the letter may fall into hostile hands and involve some one. Two tear-marks are on the paper. It was, as will be seen, one of the last things ever written by him:

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson Co., Va., Nov. 22, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND: No letter have I received since my imprisonment here, has given me more comfort than yours of the 8th inst. I am quite cheerful and was never more happy. Have only time to write you a word. May God reward you *and all yours*. My love to all who love their neighbors. I have asked to be spared from having any mock or hypocritical prayers made over me when I am publicly murdered, and that my only religious attendants be poor little dirty, ragged, bareheaded, barefooted slave boys and girls, led by some gray-headed slave-mother. Farewell! Farewell! Your friend,

JOHN BROWN.

That last unanswered request of the old Captain, and that kiss which, on his way to the gallows, he gave to the negro child, remind me of that striking verse of the Persian poet:

"On the last day men shall wear
On their heads the dust,
As ensign and as ornament
Of their lowly trust."

But here is another letter, one sentence from which, written amid the darkest days of Kansas, may well be given first in these days which seem to repeat those fearfully extended: "I cannot remember a night so dark as to hinder the coming day; nor a storm so furious and dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky." With such heart did the heroes who saved Kansas strive, and so shall it be to that nation whose defenders shall bear through the struggle the same heart and hope! Those men who were gathered around Osawattomie Brown—to whom, more than to any one man the freedom of Kansas is due to-day—were *unconditional* champions of liberty. On one occasion, when the Kansas Aid Committee were a little timid, and spoke of the rifles they gave being used only in such and such contingency, Brown spoke out for the rest, "Gentlemen, we had rather have one rifle without 'contingencies' than two hundred with them!"

But here is a third letter, and one more remarkable than either of the others. It was found lately among the papers of Theodore Parker, though not directed to him. It was written when the idea of an armed attack on slavery in Virginia was first conceived by him, and is dated nearly two years before the attack actually occurred. It is striking as indicating the purpose and devotion of the man, and dispels all idea of insanity as connected with him. In speaking of the plan he says: "*I expect nothing, but to endure hardness; but I expect to achieve a great victory, even though it be like the last victory of Samson.*"

Wonderful, prophetic words! Here this man calmly and devotedly contemplates the alternative which really did occur. He sees that it may be what the eyes of men would call a failure, but so authentic is the voice which calls him to it that he feels that which may be the foolishness of men shall be the wisdom of God. Mr. Hawthorne in his late article "About War Matters" in *The Atlantic Monthly*, says that "any common sensible man must have enjoyed an intellectual satisfaction in seeing him (John Brown) hung, if only for his absurd miscalculation of probabilities." But it would seem from the above extract that John Brown had calculated the whole matter with amazing thoroughness, and saw that it would be sure to produce great results; although he is not bound to produce such results as Mr. Hawthorne can count and put into his pocket, as he might the results of writing a biographical romance of a Democratic President.

—And it did produce great results. He not only upset the old rotten sham with which traitors had superseded the pure government handed down by our fathers, but he revealed the treachery of the underminers, and before it was too late for them to insure their nefarious end, when John Brown raised himself upon his elbow in prison, and said to Mason, Vallandigham & Co.: "Gentlemen, I warn you concerning this negro question. Put an end to it, or it will put an end to you, and sooner than you think," slavery was seized with a panic, and precipitated the preparations for war. Had they waited longer, they had been stronger, or they might have had a weaker President, *perhaps*, than they have now to deal with. Well for us, they struck when they did.

But John Brown did more; he demonstrated the weakness of slavery—demonstrated that the institution had so evil a conscience that a cow in the bushes could create a panic in its heart; showed that when striking for eternal justice, and against a great wrong, twenty-one men could do more in two days than this great army, which has just returned to Washington a wretched failure, could do in two years, *not* panoplied in the armor of God!

He has truly achieved a great victory—one like the last victory of Samson; and in its strength his soul is marching on this day! For him Wordsworth's noblest sonnet seems to have been written:

"Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee: earth, air and skies:
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love and man's unconquerable mind."

BEECHER AND CHAPIN.

AT Springfield, Mass., on the 17th inst., there was a gathering of nearly 1,500 of the descendants and connections of Deacon Samuel Chapin, who settled in that town in 1642, and was, to the day of his death, one of its most prominent citizens. Many distinguished men were present, and the occasion was one of rare interest. Among the descendants not present were Henry Ward Beecher and E. H. Chapin. Here is Mr. Beecher's letter apologizing for his absence:

BROOKLYN, September 16.

MY DEAR SIR: When I promised to be present at the great family Chapin meeting, I expected to have been free from an opthalmic catarrh whose annual visitations usually are ended by the middle of September. But I find myself unable to bear the dust and cinders of the cars, and shall be obliged to deny myself the great pleasure which I had anticipated. All the Chapin blood in my veins rises up against this decision, but in vain. I can only hope a better fortune for the multitude of that name or blood who propose to attend the celebration. I shall keep the day at home, in my own way. Upon looking back to the records, I find that a granddaughter of Deacon Chapin in 1672 or 1676, for records differ, married Nathaniel Foote, the ancestor of my own mother, Roxana Foote. The stream was already mixed with Bliss blood when it began to run down the Foote channels. On its way to me the Chapin blood received important additions from many sources, until now I am at a loss to know how many sorts of blood I have racing through my veins. There are the Blisses, the Joys, the Wellmans, the Wards and the Hubbards, and many others, on one side. The Roberts, the Stowes, the Sperry's, the Howleys, the Lyman's on the other, together with drops from other named veins. I have therefore decreed to all the blood of all the families, in my veins, that to-morrow, Wednesday, September 17th, they do reverence to the Chapin blood. To-morrow morning that blood takes the lead in my veins, and for the day is honored head and president of all the rest. All the Howleys, Sperrys, Stowes, Roberts and Lymans shall rise up and call the Chapin blessed! The Bliss, Joy, Wellman, Wood and Hubbard congregation shall rejoice in the presence of the honored Chapin in me, and do it reverence! To all in every state (except the State of rebellion), that carry the Chapin blood with or without the family name, I extend a greeting! Kindred all! Hitherto unknown, and now unseen, I give you heart and hand as a true man, faithful ever to kith and kin.

H. W. BEECHER.

The poet of the occasion was Dr. Holland ("Timothy Titcomb"), himself a descendant of the old Deacon. We copy two passages:

BEECHER.

You know that the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher
Is considered a very remarkable preacher,
And, in many respects, quite a marvellous creature.
You have heard him within his own pulpit on Sunday,
And lecturing somewhere or other on Monday,
And been puzzled, perhaps, with tormenting conjecture,
As to which was the sermon and which was the lecture;
But sermon and lecture have set you aflame
With the fire of an eloquence always the same.
Week in and week out, and year following year,
You have heard his great voice ringing roundly and clear,
Proclaiming the right and denouncing the wrong,
And defending the weak in their strife with the strong;
Yet gentle and playful and dainty and airy,
As the flight of a fawn or the foot of a fairy,
His fancy has danced evermore with the Hours,
To the tune of the birds and the time of the flowers.
And you have looked on but to wonder and wonder
Where this eloquent son of an old son of thunder
Obtained the rare gifts that have crowned him the chief
Of the men who proclaim the old-fashioned belief.
You have thought it was genius, or something still higher,
That filled him so full of electrical fire.
You have thought that the Gods had descended, perchance,
And massing their forces had made an advance
Driving in Nature's pickets, or shooting them dead,
And taking position on Beecher's broad head.
You are widely mistaken; the gods do not aid him;
He is just what the blood of the Chapins has made him.

CHAPIN.

There is Chapin the preacher, whose averdupois
Will equal the best of the old Chapin boys;
With a heart so immense and a form so abounding,
A brain so astute and a voice so astounding,
That he drops in his creed the old-fashioned rehearsal,
And spreads into schemes that are quite universal.
You're aware, I presume, that he's not in this quarter,
But is gone from the country far over the water;
And gone for his health (so the editors say),
Which is delicate, quite in the clerical way;
A way, as they tell me, which comes from endeavors
To raise heavy weights with incompetent levers,
Or from fruitless and feverish strife to command
A very good game with a very bad hand,
Or—to leave in illustrative figures no gap at all—
From doing large business on very small capital.
Now the doctor has brains enough, every one knows,
But they're nothing but Orthodox brains, I suppose.
They came from the Deacon, whose scheme of salvation
Was yoked with a parallel scheme of damnation.
So our friend, in proclaiming his easier creed,
Though with muscle and mind quite enough for his need,
Simply went against nature—the family blood—
Which has always been orthodox back to the flood;
And in preaching the world's absolute absolution
Broke the Chapin all down in a strong constitution.
Ah, sad is the doctor, and sorry are we
That he comes not to-day to the family tree,
But we send him our greeting far over the sea;
And we breathe our desire, which we lift into prayer,
That the God of his father may be with him there.

GEN. WASHINGTON AND THE NEGRO.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

MANY old persons in Boston and its vicinity can remember a colored man of the name of Primus Hall. He had a good deal of natural intelligence, had amassed a comfortable property by his industry, and was always active in his efforts to promote education among the colored people of that city.

During the war of the Revolution, he was the servant of Col. Pickering, who was the intimate and confidential friend of Gen. Washington. This circumstance brought Primus Hall into frequent relations with the Commander-in-Chief. He had a great fund of anecdote concerning him, which he was fond of relating. One of them conveys a lesson, which may not be without usefulness at the present time. Gen. Washington often held consultations concerning military matters with Col. Pickering. His headquarters were at considerable distance from his friend's tent, and one evening, finding they were likely to be occupied till a late hour, he proposed to remain all night with the Colonel, provided there was a spare blanket and straw. Primus was appealed to, and, being eager to oblige the Commander-in-Chief, stretched the truth by replying, "Plenty of straw and blankets; plenty."

Two humble beds were prepared, side by side, and when the long conference was ended, the two officers lay down to rest. Primus pretended to be busy until they were asleep, and then he seated himself on a box, leaning his head on his hands, to take as comfortable a nap as his inconvenient position would allow. In the night Washington awoke, and saw his humble friend nodding on the box. He called out, "Primus!" The servant started to his feet, and rubbing his eyes, exclaimed, "What do you wish for, General?"

"You told me you had plenty of straw and blankets," replied Washington; "but I see you are sitting up all night for the sake of giving me your bed."

"Don't trouble yourself about me, General," rejoined the negro. "No matter about me."

"But it *is* matter," said Washington. "This will never do, Primus. If either of us must sit up, I will take my turn. But there is no need of that. The blanket is wide enough for two. Come and lie down with me."

Primus, who reverenced the Commander-in-Chief as he did no other mortal, protested against such an arrangement. But Washington threw open the blanket, and said in a very decided tone, "Come and lie down, I tell you! There is room enough for both, and I insist upon it."

This tone was too resolute to admit of further parley, and the General and his colored friend slept comfortably under the same blanket till morning.

This anecdote was originally published by the Rev. Henry F. Harrington, in Godey's Lady's Book, June, 1849. In 1855 it was republished in a book entitled, "The Colored Patriots of the American Revolution," an interesting volume, compiled and written by Wm. C. Nell of Boston, who deserves great credit for the intelligence and earnestness he has manifested in vindicating the cause of his oppressed and slandered race. Mrs. Stowe wrote a brief preface to this volume, in which she says: "The services of these Colored Patriots of the Revolution were far more magnanimous, because they did not fight for their own land, but for a land which had enslaved them, and whose laws, even in freedom, oftener oppressed than protected. Bravery under such circumstances has a peculiar beauty and merit. Their white brothers in reading these sketches, may remember that generosity and disinterested courage are of no particular race or complexion, and that the image of the Heavenly Father may be reflected alike by all."

A STORY FOR THE PRESIDENT.

YOUR pardon, Mr. President! A story I'll relate.
That's somewhat in your line, you know—or so the papers state.

Once on a time a gallant ship weighed anchor and set sail;
The sky was fair, the sea was smooth, and prosperous the gale.
But suddenly a mighty storm arose upon the sea,
And the good vessel sprung a leak, and plunged most fearfully.
"Lighten the ship," the seamen cried; "No, no," the captain said,
"Not so, my boys; we'll ply the pumps and bail her out instead."
But all in vain!—the fearful leak gained on them; hour by hour
The fatal tide came pouring in with strong, resistless power.
"Lighten the ship!" again they cried, those seamen brave and bold.
"No, no!" again the captain said, just coming from the hold;
"I've been considering the case, and, on the whole, I think
We'll ply the pumps again, or else, try to fill up the chink.
In short, use any other means than this; I rather doubt
If I am authorized, as yet, to throw the cargo out."
Dark grew each brow on board, but still, the captain's word was law,
And so to work again they went, though every sailor saw
The dire and dreadful danger near, and watched it come apace
With stern despair or wild dismay dark-written on each face.
On rushed the vessel to the rocks; the breakers yawned ahead;
A great wave struck the ship; "All hands!" the frightened captain said,
"Throw out the cargo!"—but too late—or ere the word was spoke,
Above the vessel and her crew the surging waters broke,
And screaming winds in fitful howls their fearful requiem woke.

My story, Mr. President, is done,—but do you guess
The fearful moral of this tale of folly and distress?—
Then help us save our gallant ship, the Union that we love!
You've tried the pumps,—'twas well, no doubt,—but over and above
All other means to save us now, we clamor for this word:
"*Throw out the cargo, Slavery!*" Oh, once our ears have heard
That mandate from your tardy lips, how gladly will we spring
To lighten our good Ship of State of that unholy thing!
Then, bearing on our joyful way, we'll guide her safe to port,
Repair the damages, and so, once more the breezes court;
Fling out the good sails to the wind, start on our course anew,
Another cargo in our hold,—*Freedom*—for me and you!
FREEDOM FOR ALL!—oh, blessed freight! Who carries *that* on board
Need fear no wreck nor any ill, for with them sails the Lord!

CAROLINE A. MASON.

Fitchburg, Mass.—*Commonwealth.*

WHAT EUROPE THINKS OF US.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, who has just returned from a three months' vacation in England and on the continent of Europe, gave to a large audience at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, last evening, the result of his observations during his absence, with respect to the opinions entertained abroad touching the American rebellion. His narrative was highly interesting, and was received with every demonstration of delight, but did not present any new or different aspect of European opinion regarding American affairs from that well known to exist by most readers of the newspapers. In England, he said, the aristocratic influence in the main was against us; so was the commercial influence, and as for the press, with the exception of *The Daily News*, *Star*, Bright's paper, and *The Edinburgh Mercury*, it was all hostile to the North. Still we had a few friends among the nobility, among whom he mentioned Lord Shaftsbury, who had stated that if the North would only raise the standard of God and Liberty, they would not lack for sympathy in Europe. Earl Russell had likewise frequently expressed a similar sentiment, and he gave that nobleman the credit, notwithstanding the harsh criticisms he had encountered on this side the water, of being a conscientious anti-slavery man, of having no sympathy with the South, and of having stood thus far, as a breakwater, against the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon the government in favor of intervention and recognition. The religious element of Great Britain contained a large *substratum* in our favor. At all the religious meetings he attended, our civil war was alluded to in the prayers, and the invariable petition was that it might result in the downfall of oppression, the spread of civil liberty, and in a speedy termination.

He quoted from a passage in one of Spurgeon's sermons, delivered the Sunday after his arrival there, in which that popular preacher indulged in very harsh comments on our civil war, which had given rise to unfavorable criticism of him by the American press. Mr. Spurgeon, he said, like many other true friends of America, who had defended the North in the outset of the rebellion, had become disappointed and disgusted at the manner in which the war had been conducted by our government, and was utterly unable to discern any principle lying at the foundation of our attempt to suppress the rebellion. This was the position of all liberals throughout Europe. It was a matter of the greatest amazement to them that the North, seeing that *slavery* was the moving cause and the life-blood of the rebellion, did not strike at the root of the evil, proclaim emancipation, and thus inaugurate a principle worth fighting for, and at the same time secure the sympathies of the world in their favor.

The working classes of England, who were suffering the most from the war, he said, were generally friendly to the North, and would be universally so if they knew it was to result in the downfall of slavery. The leading Methodist preacher in England, Rev. William Arthur, who recently travelled in America, he said, was a fast friend of the North, and expressed his confident belief in the restoration of the Union. Europeans knew nothing and cared nothing about the terms "Union" or "Secession," as they are regarded by us. The only thing they looked for was a principle lying at the foundation of the strife, and if they were unable to find that, they regarded the contest as a fruitless one and a nuisance to the world, which humanity required should be brought to an end.

In France, public opinion was only the reflection of the tone of the influential press of England, which was against us. The North, however, had a true friend in Prince Napoleon, and one which our Ambassador had said he could rely on in the hour of trial.

He was confident, from his observations in England and on the Continent, that unless our government inaugurated a new programme relative to the object of the strife, or speedily gained some great advantage over the rebellion, the pressure of public opinion would *ere long* force an interference in the quarrel, and the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. He related the following as coming under his observation while in Paris:

He said that while sitting in the Hotel de Louvre, he had the pleasure of hearing an honest and intelligent opinion of affairs given by a Southern gentleman of culture and breeding. Said he, "There can be but two possible terminations to this struggle within the coming three months; either there will be as a result of Southern victory two mighty republics, each so powerful and self-sustaining as to command the respect of the world, or else Lincoln's army will break up our forces, overrun our country with vast numbers of men, destroy slavery absolutely, and make our section as completely Yankeeized as the soil of New-England itself."

Mr. Cuyler's address is one which should be heard by every man at the North, and as a lecture before athenæums, a stump speech to a manly gathering, a sermon for the multitude, a counsel for our rulers, a suggestion to the Generals of our armies and an encouragement to the rank and file of our vast military corps, it would be of inestimable value. Our columns, so crowded, exclude a full report, to which the foregoing sketch does but lame justice.—*N. Y. Times, 15th.*

MATINS.

For the dear love that kept us through the night,
And gave our senses to sleep's gentle sway;
For the new miracle of dawning light
Flushing the East with prophecies of day,
We thank Thee, oh our God!

For the fresh life that through our being flows
With its full tide, to strengthen and to bless;
For calm, sweet thoughts, upspringing from repose,
To bear to Thee their song of thankfulness,
We praise Thee, oh our God!

Day uttereth speech to day, and night to night
Tells of Thy power and glory! so would we,
Thy children, duly, with the morning light,
And at still eve, upon the bended knee,
Adore Thee, oh our God!

Thou know'st our needs—Thy fullness will supply;
Our blindness—let Thy hand still lead us on
Till, visited by the dayspring from on high,
One prayer—one only—"*Let Thy will be done!*"
We breathe to Thee, oh God!

WM. H. BURLEIGH.

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